

SELF-CONFLICT
represented in a Dispute
between JOSEPH and
POTIPHAR'S WIFE :
A
DIVINE POEM :



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SELF-CONFLICT:
OR,
The powerful Motions between
THE
Flesh & Spirit.

REPRESENTED
In the Person and upon the occasion
OF
JOSEPH,
WHEN
By POTIPHAR's Wife
He was enticed to Adultery.

A
DIVINE POEM,
Written originally in *Low-Dutch*,
by JACOB CATTY, sometime
Lord Pensioner of *Holland*, and from
thence Translated.

LONDON:
Printed By Robert Taylor, in the Kings-Arms and Bible
in St. Pauls Church-yard. 1684.

SELF-CORRECTING

OF

The powerful Motion between

THE

Flame & Spirit

REARRANGED

In the Light and for the occasion

OF

JOSEPH

WHEAT

BY THE REV. J. WHEAT

His most obedient servant

AND

DIVINE POEM

Written originally in English
by JACOB C. WHEAT, and
translated into French and
German by the same Author.

LONDON

Printed by J. WHEAT, at the
Press of the Rev. J. WHEAT, 1792

TO THE
READER.

THou hast here the fruits of
some Lucubrations and
vacant hours, which I to
me have paid the pains in
Translating; and I dare
say they will thine in Reading, if thou
hast not more Itching Ears after loftier
trains than without doubt I can ren-
der, than Sanctified Desires after whole-
some and profitable Matter rendered
unto thee. Indeed else it were a pity
sold should be rejected, because pre-
sented unto thee in a Homely Vessel;
Sovereign Counsell, because not sung

To the READER.

to thee by a Cowley, or a Milton; the
very footsteps of either of which, thou
art not like here to find.

My hopes shall be, however, to
meet with some few, who will not dash
their advantages in pieces, by carping at
me, who am herein no more than the
Friendly Bearer; and to these I would
intimate what remains to be said of the
Work itself, for their further satisfacti-
on.

It's Subject then is a Christians War-
fare; or, to come up to its Title, *His
Conflict with himself*. If thou art a
Christian indeed, thou art a Souldier,
and must fight continually; not Sensu-
ally with Earthly Powers, but Spiritu-
ally with all the Powers of Darknes;
where thou wilt find the most puissant
and dangerous Enemy thou hast to
grapple with, thine own self: and with
these, as thou must fight continually,
so over these all thou must be sure to

To the READER.

be victorious, or they will triumph over thee, which will be in thy inevitable Destruction. Skill therefore in this so-miraculous Warfare, will be of greatest importance to thee, which, I trust my Author, doth consist, In knowing thine own Weakness, the Strength of thine Adversaries, and the Remedy against both. To whose following Discourses then, for excellent Directions herein, it falls in now apely for me only to refer thee.

And yet this induceth me to say thus much more before I leave thee here, that by reading thou mayst perceive thy glosing Corruptions uslag, in the person of Josephs Mistress, the most cogent Expressions to charm thee into consent to their Exuberous Desires: And by proceeding immediately to those Replies, carried on in the person of Joseph, thou hast the application of more Sovereign Antidotes to kill or enervate such (else irresistible)

TO THE READER.

Chastity, whether in the birth or ripen-
 growth, wishin their ~~ed~~ ^{ed} ~~did~~ ^{did} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~com~~ ^{com}
 Yet here, lest the tender Consci-
 ence might check at the Libidinous
 and Prophane Language necessarily
 made use of by my Author; he clears
 that Scruple from the like practice in
 David, who useth Wicked Expressi-
 ons, but in the Persons of the Wicked;
 and in Solomon, who writes Lowdly,
 but in the Persons of Lewd Women,
 &c. Where likewise, among others,
 he satisfies his honest-minded Reader
 with this redondant and significant
 Similitude, That the Rose receives
 advantage in its fragrance, by being
 planted near Garlick.
 The Sile is Verse, that so no Ad-
 vantage may be denyed the Flesh in
 this her publick Tryal; or, as my Au-
 thor would have it, that the Scope
 may with the more inevitable force
 penetrate the Heart, as the sonorous
 Chime

To the READER.

harmony of a Trumpet's doth, through the narrow passage of its body, the Ear; and then I may add, that the young Reader may through a happy kind of guile, be caught with pleasure to his own Soul's advantage.

The Variations, Amplifications, and Additions made use of in this Translation, will I hope easily be excused, if not judged necessary; especially where the difference between Translating and Construing, and the unconstrained freedom of Verse is considered.

And now having given thee what I hope may satisfy thee, as to the Work it self; I would now only superadde a brief Account of the Author, and of the particular success of this excellent Piece of his, both at home and abroad: And this shall be all I shall at this time say of both.

As

To the READER.

As to the Author, *The Holland* (whose Lord Prisoner he was) could not detain him long in that Fatal Dignity, which he happily resigned at a seasonable time, for a Retired Life at his beloved *Zorgfiat*; where giving more ample liberty to his incomparable Mind, he lets it all flow to his Country-men in *Castalian* Numbers, untill at length, (he living to a good old age) they together compleated a very Large Volume; which he hath left filled with the profitablest variety of delight, both Moral and Divine; that in that kind (there) had ever been extant.

And now as to the success of this small part of his Studies, (esteemed by the most, one of the most worthy) it hath met with such kind and general acception at *Home*, that there it hath been

To the READER.

been often Printed in all sorts of Volumes ; nor hath it found less abroad , where in *Germany* it was by different hands, almost at one and the same time, Translated and Printed.

Herewithall I will now leave thee, and refer thee to the Work it self, in the perusal of which, I heartily wish thy benefit and delight.

Farewel.

THE

77
 been often printed in all parts of /
 town; and last it found its way
 where in common it was by different
 hands almost at one and the same time,
 it is blotted and printed.
 Here I will now leave thee
 and go to the House of Commons
 to see what they will do with
 the bill of divorce.
 Farewell.

T H E

See the Spectator's Minuted Paper 77

**THE
ENTERTAINMENT.**



IN fullness days, when only a beast did live:
 Behold his kind, and pondering self appear,
 The meaning to desire, the thoughts compose,
 My Song the which shall thee the mind delight.
 Of clearest Creatures in this King's court,
 Then we behold's, by which hands there shall
 Of some the Earth's, and by nature born,
 To be sustained with might and power.

The Entertainment.

In joyful Mirth: behold, no pains digest
 May these powers, whilst it will pollute
 In this its fur: but having cast a line,
 It faints, oppos'd with famine, on the Flit.
 The chayer is sharp: or in most day, or fit
 That now its Coast in Mirth dost I land be:

The first is a young man in this long dress
 Call'd **THE LADY**, who is a young man in this

Where is plough d'ye, with what wonderful care
 In soft, soft, soft, soft, soft, soft, soft, soft

There was it the first, and the first the place
 Gave death and sorrow to the first, the first

Thus far the first, and the first the place
 Of Joseph, which his first, the first, the first

And Joseph, which his first, the first, the first
 And Joseph, which his first, the first, the first

And Joseph, which his first, the first, the first
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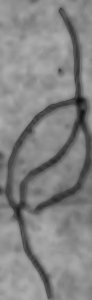
And Joseph, which his first, the first, the first
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 And Joseph, which his first, the first, the first

The Entertainment.

By rustic fowl & flowers, as pilgrims attend,
 But he makes clear a Mistle-bird's a princely mind.
 The flames but he's compass'd, & flames doth abide
 And cures from his y^e peace, and days abide,
 Till the lays lastly hold. Shil'd in this style,
 He then his cloak for go, and then his sight
 Wonder of men! 'twere Joseph, in thy prime
 Of youthful days, the wonder of thy time,
 When thou thy self shaldest die: In words of truth
 O golden! and patient care for kinder youth!
 Still my numbers, in my flowing Verse,
 As in his due, his solid praise reposes,
 If that can be: And then the Laureate,
 Fondly, though slender, to commemorate
 Thy various virtues, that thy, that we
 May read with wonder, and thy followers be.
 But Zeal is come, & making I hear
 His uttermost force at our last Joseph join.
 Whom they a mind drench'd of Spirit name,
 A vein of blood, a torch of princely flame,
 But sure shal'd in reasoning you appear,
 O first of ours: better reason bear,
 Is freedom yours? 'tis then an easy ease
 In times when loved, to run a sinful race,
 May it be hard when youthful eyes essay
 A beauty, frail in lustful flames to stay,
 For lo, how facile 'tis to lose the rule
 That curb the flesh, that dash its lust restrain.
 Nor ease lose, when pregnant flowers do show
 To you of wealth, then carily shal'd to grow.
 If less, if better wait on you, if gain
 Such things with pleasure you can entertain,
 But when the flesh with overmatching power,
 Turns on the Soul like a tempestuous shower,



The Entertainment.

That easily break the bonds, that will not yield, in 1
 A Champion worthy to be Lord the field. in 2
 Fair worldly men whose spirits seldom pass, in 3
 That Arms and valour wait on Cates and Cass, in 4
 But in deeds truly brave, that higher rest, in 5
 Than such a wind who serves his master's will, in 6
 Let such Champions ignorant prove, in 7
 Whilst virtue triumphs with a peaceful smile, in 8
 But thou, if young, let this triumph be, in 9
 So dash, so vanquish, so divide as he, in 10

THE INTRODUCTION.

WHEN Deborah's fair Wife in various kind,
 Had oft undress'd the passions of her mind
 To youthful Joseph, and when this her pain
 In sighs she shew'd, how soon sigh'd in vain.
 Yet would she not for this the pains resign,
 But having found a new-fram'd design,
 Join'd her household, ordered the hour,
 Laid yet once more the summons all her power,
 Much like a Prince, who with flourish and blif'd
 A wall'd Town hath long with War dispos'd,
 Now draws up all his Men, and with a cry
 Once more sets on to gain the place, or dye:
 So she, who now had well dispos'd the room
 In which the young Joseph was to come,
 Where when the youth alone she spy'd, thus she
 Her mind display'd, as she might saying be.

S E P H Y R A.

HOW long sweet boy shall I from thy breast possess
 Towards my grief, and I in vain expect
 That grief to thee I how long a suppliant here
 Shall I yet be, unconstrain'd by thee?
 Or must my sighs discover un'own face,
 Or must thy frozen Soul, with colds detain,

Dearly Belov'd, which from the East
 And fragrant flowers, still from the East
 This morning time were come, there where
 That Land's soft breezes with the wind
 Dearly-bow'd Daffodils, and the
 Dear life, on which it breathes the
 A, whilst it thus breathes to the
 The lofty Goddess, who the
 Yet hold with Wonders, and the
 Now put on great naked a
 Now it through shining fields, or
 Such joy in nature, of life in
 I on the ground, the sun, the
 Abble in the line, and thus
 There's it man, what wonder
 You'll be, it comforts him
 Love's reward, if he is
 Let's see, if still his
 I had a Crown, in Court
 Is this it man, in his
 Next reads no more. Thus
 As time we spend, our
 Now read them, and then
 It means allays, how he
 To pasture his thoughts
 Is in his style a beauty
 Suspicious youth, how
 Then Love with sweet
 In balmy perfumes, deep
 Affected his love, or yet
 Then Midsummer, that of
 And in our Midsummer
 Now that time I was
 And night, I rather

A man resolv'd to spend his Court-affairs,
 And wholly bent to mount on Phoenix stairs;
 Ahead for great attempts, of restless hand,
 Who for the world, nor body spares, nor mind.
 Before the morning-bliss can right increase,
 And with unquelling light in day advance,
 Before the gray-brow'd dawn can early day
 Fore-run, I peep, but Pegasus's away:
 Already clad, he strikes him on a light,
 In lucubrations spends that part of night,
 And therein drowns'd, made, meditates, and writes,
 Till him to other things high day irrits:
 Then hastes to Court, within their holie Halls
 Then walks, where care so thoughts incessant calls:
 In Consider dwells, till his restless brain
 Flames Over-like, that can't its heat contain:
 Thence hies to the Prince, where yet again his mind
 Must move with humours of uncertain kind:
 Nor lets his Wits must work, since none is more
 Esteem'd than business that Cereus adorns.
 Not yet is this enough, in home-bred sorrow
 Grows a new care for this day and to morrow:
 That is, no hour there is throughout the day,
 Wherein his Soul might rest, he once can say.
 Unhappy Lord, oppress'd by too vast things:
 Thy purchas'd greatness that but sorrow brings!
 Forsake the Court's too cumbersome cares, and come,
 Joyn with thy Wife to manage things at home.
 But whilst my Lord him in these cares employs,
 Therewith his burring head and Soul annoys,
 I his forsakes, his forgotten Wife,
 With for this cause a more delightful life:
 And am resolv'd (nor deem it void of reason)
 Not so to leave this my youthful fraction:

at him, since he will always be at Court, I can I am not
 frequent strange beds, and believe mine will be
 and there are he is called handsome, and I am great proof
 were Joseph, who of this long time didst know
 that eye my heart bewray'd, that did desire,
 That kind of passion in my heart did try,
 When once the heart hath Love hath made a wound,
 The Senses dislocate, the Tongue is bound,
 The Mind, with great passion, is fill'd with doubt,
 And then the eye the tongue doth much pleases, M
 I know thou hast observ'd my strong desires, my heart
 from my sad eyes dost sympathize, all my sorrows
 thou hast didst thou perceive these faults in me,
 When once my heart I dost know in thee,
 O long ere then (I know) this tongue express'd,
 Then let it these dire commodities being bound
 had yet thou shouldst appear to appear
 as if thou nothing wast of this world,
 If thou alone I found, where none could see,
 Or over-look what pass'd 'twixt thee and me,
 Away thou fliest, when thou hast thought'st 'twixt
 as though some Ghost thou shouldst be compelled to
 These were the passions which so mov'd my mind,
 That flame no longer could my passion bind,
 Which forc'd, better forth, constraining me to leave
 thy neck to thee, and once my heart
 Yet now is me, though I still
 all I can say, can't show thy still
 In neither Richmond, nor
 Can move thy spirit to regard me
 O can no longer fight, no longer
 Thy marble-breast to conquer,
 We can yet gradually our persons with thee
 These rigour shall, which thou shalt quickly see
Though

Though I am mortally afflicted, yet I will not
Will not give place to sorrow, nor let my
Joy depart from me, come what will, I will
And though I am afflicted, yet I will not
Give place to sorrow, nor let my
Joy depart from me, come what will, I will

JOSEPH

ME, what comfort do I find in thee, O Lord?
And shall your words, and, O Lord, I find rest?
Surely you must show me, O Lord, how I may find rest.
Seek you then, O Lord, upon my soul, and try me, O Lord.
It is comforted that I may find, and here, O Lord, I find rest.
Who is your Husband? O Lord, I find rest.
Said was I, O Lord, I find rest.
Till of our fathers words that said, O Lord, I find rest.
Has providence lent you, O Lord, I find rest.
To which so many with words might argue, O Lord, I find rest.
So fair a flower, but God, O Lord, I find rest.
That to your hand, O Lord, I find rest.
Though you be dead, O Lord, I find rest.
Though you be dead, O Lord, I find rest.
These words, O Lord, I find rest.
Will not that, O Lord, I find rest.
You're of a better kind, O Lord, I find rest.
With heavy grief, O Lord, I find rest.
Remember this, O Lord, I find rest.
Your honour, O Lord, I find rest.
Much more, O Lord, I find rest.
Has providence lent you, O Lord, I find rest.
Why should that, O Lord, I find rest.
Why should your glory, O Lord, I find rest.
Why should that, O Lord, I find rest.
That O Lord, I find rest.

And therein ^{shall} be ^{quarrelled}, and ^{ever} ^{after} ^{shall}
 Though last-born last, and that the world ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 For that, ^{admission} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 Youth last product, which you ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 Which death ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 First quickly ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 He who from ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 Its primary ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 Sin is a ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 Soon ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 Which if it ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 Inflicting all our ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 And that ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 Which ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 But if we ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 Our hearts may ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 And that ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 The greatest ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 Well, though it ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 That ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 You of your ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 Yet look, in ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 Ah, how may I ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 To such ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 To wound my ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 Those flames, and ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 Am I not ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 Of all the world ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 Choosing them ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 Of this huge ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 People ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 The ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 And ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}
 For ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last} ^{shall} ^{be} ^{last}

Their members so abate, that God upbraid,
 Who his loves covenant chasteon hath made;
 And thus Soul-shipwreck in one instant make?
 Help, Lord, now we do ever thus forsake.
 But how you err! although God did create
 In all he made, a power to propagate
 As was his kind: yet what, alas, makes this
 For you? as blind, so you the mark do miss.
 But 'tis perceiv'd, what by your error's meant:
 You heave to me for solid Gold present,
 Which I should so, say you, with you believe,
 That lust as love acceptance might receive.
 Who sees not this? but better things we know;
 From our great God to man no lust did flow:
 He at the first did them in him inspire,
 In beasts, in fowl, and fish, an upright fire:
 Blessing them generally, with words of this:
Be greatly fruitful, and the earth increase.
 Of these, yet Man, when he began to live,
 One meet help only did from God receive,
 (Flesh of his flesh, bone formed of his bone)
 And this command, *You two shall be but one.*
 Thus that delight is but 'twixt two confin'd,
 Where one Male-female are together join'd;
 A third destroys the pleasure, lowers the sweet,
 For love is only 'twixt two souls compact.
 And this thus God enjoys. As with his hands
 He Man and Wife unites in wedlock-bands,
 Which none may part. To th'bridal thence this Soul,
 By him affix'd, their purity reveal.
 How should it then from strange, if he consume
 Such who his work so fully dare presume?
 If with fierce plagues, hush'd from his kindled ire,
 He satisfaction should from them require?

Who in Gods house lend shame examine, him he
 To shame will bring, from whence he shall not see,
 And Curses on his body he shall send
 Therefore, and plagues possessing all his mind,
 For God is holy : his bright eyes are pure,
 Which will by no means suffer sinners endure.
 The airy Soul doth in the blood reside,
 The Soul's God's Temple, where ought soul may hide
 Within his presence-chamber none may dare
 His hefts pollute, that undefiled are.
 My Lord hath days and nights, you argue next,
 incessant cares, wherewith his thoughts perplex
 And captivated are, and therefore he
 Needs by his Comfort must be held be.
 O foul conclusion ! which now makes me hate
 Your lusts address the more : for sure my fate
 Must be much worse than his, if I believe
 That womans words that doth her Lord deceive.
 Ah, should the painful Husband grind and rest
 His bloodshed to maintain, and should the whole
 His wife prove false ! he spend his strength for gain,
 And the devour by whoredom all his pains ?
 So at such cost shall fame super be sought
 By Paphos, and you for worse than nought
 Yours forfeit to your slave ? O misery,
 The certain issue of these deeds ! who then
 May duly here describe ? unhappy they
 Who by such things for thy approach give way ?
 In vain the Husband doth employ his pains,
 To grow in riches, and increase in gains,
 In vain he seeks to keep an earthly Treasure,
 If the wife prostitutes to strangers pleasure.
 For when the Nuptial sheets defiled be,
 All good departs that House, all blessings see.

And fearful since with a cruel Father's
 Taking due vengeance for such a fatal death.
 I gave you no advantage to express
 With words your mind, say you, and therefore less
 Your Lust would not permit, than by your Eyes
 To show the Symptoms of your Maladies.
 What shall I say? Had you been ever dumb,
 This language to my ears had never come:
 Nor blind if you, had you ere ever known
 These obscure flames, now so passion grown,
 And would you had been so, this for your sake
 I wish, to save a death do you permit
 In your own wishes. O! express no more
 With Tongue or Eyes such matters, I implore.
 Was it for me to fix a lustre eye
 Upon your looks, your pleasure to destroy?
 (For this neglect you render my dislike,
 And stilly pride, as glorying in your pain.)
 No, this your Maidens should observe, not I
 They on your looks may fix a curious eye,
 And sudden motions may regard with awe:
 Your Will to them may be a binding Law.
 But as for me, my observations must
 About my Lord be plac'd: He may my just
 Regard alone demand, but never you:
 His eyes alone may teach me what to do,
 And this he will confess, so I have been
 Obedient, where my Duty should be free.
 Do you conceive my Lord your ways should like,
 Or yield to my compliance? O! he'd strike
 On us much rather all that sense he bore
 Of honour to them: so that we no more
 Should need the pleasure, or his second rage
 Against our sin his vengeance to engage.

What

What not available you do your window wood, yet
 On that when you may see daybreak shining
 If your wife sleep so long as he did, that she
 Go there where you depend on without blame
 Why did you not at first suppose that I had
 Which towards me intended such a deed
 Why did you gratify your weary eyes,
 When you had warning, & afterwards them surprise
 Had made upon your sight? Have you forgot,
 Or did you never hear, how I was brought
 To half of Bed, by her who said with me
 On such a sudden, and your wife in
 This is the little child which I have
 The careless Soul of Happiness is
 Behold the life, who thus attended have,
 A Thief obtain, who they caught in private
 I did not know so much, but true, I
 Your presence, but I might have by you
 Be taken by surprise, & my eyes as
 For such a fate, neglecting watch
 Show you directly, your hand did drive away
 And then tell you that, yet he
 Is gone, which was your Glory: Not the
 Of all your Own treacherous eyes
 Can yield that better, but as Light that dwells
 With Day, compared with Night, so that
 God did a Stratagem in Women-kind
 Implant, to guard at all times their soft Minds
 Which if they drive rapidly fly from their
 Their Chastity rely on of all defense
 Not languid Eyes they be that can expose
 Nor winning Eloquence, which you should
 That can maintain your ways, then therefore craft,
 While time may take you, and restore your peace

Nay,

Nay, know, the more you choose yet shall profit,
 So much your passion will but please me less;
 Once more desist, I therefore yet implore,
 Let rampart Lust possess your mind no more,
 Which force it will enslave in endless pains,
 That feel it well, who isn't out long remains.

SEPHYRA.

O Ft though then had my fate with period distant,
 Repaid, my mind yet doth untow'd remain.
 I'm what I ever was. In Antinous chaste,
 'Tis perseverance gains the Valour's praise.
 So solid Iron wastes at length by rust,
 And Steel, yet harder, crumbles into dust.
 So sturdy Oaks yield to the frequent wound
 By Axes given, till they kiss the ground.
 Of you, as Dame, I have supreme Command,
 Which your condition suits not to withstand.
 My Money bought you, subject to my Will,
 Therefore you are, and must my Law fulfil.
 Nor Miserable can Servants that improve,
 Which their Obedience justly should deserve.
 Well then, my Will fulfil, and whatsoever not?
 Sure that's at our command which we have bought:
 All your whole Body's mine, that I may kill,
 Or save alive, or torture as I will.
 And if the whole is sold to my desire,
 Well may I then the fruit of part require.
 Nor to oppose me think that thou art free,
 Who to my humour must devoted be.
 All Nations yield to this, of old and yet,
 That with their Slaves each do as they think fit.

And

And if long since Love had removed from you,
 'T had been but duty to your Mistress duty,
 But that's now past, beware that due no more
 Those of such cruelties tender'd greater than,
 Or didst thou doubt my loves valley,
 As if I feign'd it but thy will to try,
 Never intent did I possess that mind,
 To such injurious double thoughts incline,
 Which if that only less, O slight discharge
 These thoughts, not more let them such doubts enlarge,
 For lo, my wounded heart, all in a flame,
 Offering oblation to sweet Joseph's name,
 Peris but this believe, and there feed in eye,
 A panting victim to thy wounding eye.
 Behold my stretch'd-out arms, my naked breast,
 Wooing thy kindness: what can be express'd
 More plain? alas, I have no other way:
 If yet thou doubtest, the self thy self assay.
 This day our Egypt's gaudy Centry are
 At Memphis entertain'd, with Banquets, where
 Thy Lord is likewise with our chafest Train:
 I only for thy sake at home remain:
 Which to procure, I sickness did pretend,
 That those few hours I might with Joseph spend.
 My Lord rose early up, my bed I kept,
 As sick at heart, though nothing less, then wept:
 He griev'd, imparted a frozen kiss or two,
 Physick advis'd, then sigh'd, and hid adieu.
 And yet I'm sick, though well: strange, may I say,
 As adverse things in us, where love bears sway,
 Whole mysteries more deep than most conceive,
 And various are, or yet than most believe.
 I yield its depths, I am not skill'd to spell,
 Yet that my cure's in thee, I know right well:

For thence came my disease, and thence from thence I
 I therefore must expect my remedy, and not avoid it
 Pain tortures not my body, but my mind; and thus I tell
 I'm sick or well as thou art say me kindness shall be and I
 O then relent, and ease my heart disease & not this
 If thou deny'st, I dye by it, I have said it is a plague I have
 Nor let me more beset with this in vain, but let me
 Or reap the fruit of my own disease, which shall be
 Discard that disease, why should I live in pain? it shall be
 Be so oppress'd? why should I have a slight? why should I
 Thy tender mind, which is so tender, and so soft, and so
 Why should dull passions drink up their desire? O
 We deem it in our age no fault to pine, and thus we live
 For youth now flourish in every prime, and thus we live
 To pluck a thistle from the Vine, and take the grapes, and thus we live
 If he the owner do not bestow, and thus we live
 But why thy Father in such glory darts? why should he
 Were things with them as it is by their expense? why should he
 I've heard their fame, and know thy final destiny, and thus we live
 Thy House is not so far distant hence, and thus we live
 It seems that nature thou hast leav'd me, and thus we live
 With other strangers might things to show, and thus we live
 Of thy grave Pygmy, which you to rest, and thus we live
 Will be something, or but find at best, and thus we live
 Did not that Prince, from whom thou drew'st thy life, and thus we live
 His food else best made than with his Wife? and thus we live
 Compete'd he not his maid, though he had yet, and thus we live
 A spouse, and not her I should begin? and thus we live
 This was th' Egyptian flag, who his maid, and thus we live
 So pleas'd, that he, now grey, with his maid, and thus we live
 Became a kind of distance, and thus we live
 Our Egypt yielding Females fair of old, and thus we live
 Nor ever may it thou with me hold the day, and thus we live
 For Jacob too, with a young woman by, and thus we live

Though

Though *Lee* was his wife, he could not rest,
 Till he was likewise with his *Amor* blest.
 Not was this all; behold, his *Maid* *Excell*
 He hath deflower'd, where for how they devill
 Ways sold to cool their lust. *24* *the night*
 Then *Bills* next, profane to his delight
 This might suffice, and yet, where can it then find
 A man contented with one woman kind?
 The *Bridal* sheets, at first for two intended
 Through change of times to many more's extended
 There's now forgot, what *God* to *Adam* gave,
 Did not bled *Lamb* two *Wives* to him take,
 While *Adam* yet surviv'd, with whom his vow
 Of last he crav'd, and *Adam* up in swain
 So split? Each few or many wives, we see,
 Do take, as they can best be maintained be.
 If this may not suffice, so *Lee* then runs,
 And see his mind in low inclination burn
 Then show us who yet judgments uncover,
 That in these pleasures bones redundant sport
 No, no, thou never canst that *lesser* name,
 In which against this *God* did ought produce
 Observe we but the face of *modern* times,
 Whoredoms abound, nor deem'd are any crimes
 And if at home this Kingdom we survey,
 Then we hear *Am*'s *am*'d, and youthful play
 With gay solemnity and *Tables* swell'd,
Phaon his day of *Consecration* held,
 Some time ago. Our Nobles all were there
 Assistants, and partakers of the cheer
 The Lord withal, who had the charge to see
 Each at the *Table* plac'd in their degree,
 And as their state requir'd, and then likewise,
 On whom I all day ha'd my wandering eyes.

My place was then where Princes chiefly were,
 From whom at first I well discourse did hear
 Of this worlds great affairs : the frolick glasts
 With cheering liquer feast their rounds did pass,
 When, in, promiscuous sounds the governing board
 Loud ill-conforting mummings did afford.
 Among them one rose up, whilst hand a pipe
 Of Mithras, Glouc in each guest did cast :
 Whilst of Adultery he undertook
 Something to say, which with a wanton look
 He nam'd kind Courtship, and derided those,
 Who a chaste conversation rather chose.
 Methought his words and eyes bewray'd a mind,
 Inclined to pleasures of each kind.
 Many conceits dropp'd from his lips, and some
 I yet remember, which I thence brought home.
 I know not why, said he, another's Treasure
 We covet so, and in our own no pleasure
 Contentedly can take : why thus our mind
 Should be so strange, not home-bred things inclin'd.
 And yet 'tis so : no men with pleasure go
 To drink of streams besides their gates that flow,
 Convenient dyet therefore is despis'd,
 Because its plenty renders it low priz'd.
 Vermilion-Cherries even the most admire
 For growing high, for so they draw desire.
 We love no low-grown fruits, though ne'r so prime :
 'Tis those please best, for which we high must climb.
 So in the Rook's ill d' grains-tongue set, and we
 From feather'd Heins may this our nature see :
 Who from those troughs tho they their fill may
 Yet wantonly for grains they dangle rate.
 Sauces acerb and biting, relish food :
 Nipe without Salt or Pepper are they good.

Clapping Confeſſion pleaſe Palms Forſake
 But that which bites, the ſuffer Maſculine
 Feath'ring Cocks we know to ſeal a bet
 Behind their backs, and that in contrary
 Nice need we hear the ſtalian why amonſt
 All know the Proverb, *ſtudio Road is ſweet*
 In ſhort, ſo well his mind with words he drest
 That then a wanton Dream my brains poſſeſt
 All that ſweet Night : whence I was full awate
 Thence more I have carry'd, than I'd euen then
 Sin I could leſſen ſin, now wanton Love
 Did I with moſt then longer vile appear
 Though in th'ſpouſe'd. When good we deem of ill
 So prove to us inevitably it will.

JOSEPH.

U Rge me no more : the Rock unmoved ſtands
 Tempeſtuous Seas reverberating Waves
 Where after long diſpute, held with deſpight,
 Froth is but all the illuſe of the light
 With minde reſolv'd againſt ſine deadly rage
 'Tis beſt our hearts now early we engage
 And with this beſome-guſt a blemish ſhake
 That to reſiſt, and all our ways diſlike
 This I endeavour, and this now muſt do
 By ſo oppoſing all that comes from you
 Since all your aim, I now too well do know
 Is at my Soul, to work its overthrow
 But I am taught with ſteth and blood to fight
 That ſteth and blood in which you ſo delight
 And this Conſtall I muſt as long maintain
 As Sin, or you, my Temper ſhall remain.

Where know, O God, will plead my righteous Country
 Built on the bottom of his sacred Laws;
 That all shall yield to my prevailing arm,
 That hath a tendency my Soul to harm,
 You are indeed my Mistress, till I part,
 Whilst you your part cheer, new ways do hunt to part
 Or upon me impose forbidden laws:
 Therefore cease troubling, you are rid your own laws
 These things please not my Lord's, although your mind
 Though you're my Dame, your own power not, you find
 Your body's not your own, (lost by one word) I find
 But now for ever Mistress, your Lord,
 And by old Powers, since you can control,
 Let me, I pray, one likewise recommend,
 Well known to you: Each Wife (by fixed lot)
 Is Mistress of her Laid, that body not
 Must I your Law impos'd on me fulfil?
 If just it be indeed, I must and will:
 But if this Law with Piety contends,
 It is not just, nor serve I wicked ends.
 None are by Vassalage so strictly bound,
 That they to sin should be obedient found:
 Nor if a Mistress doth things vile impose,
 Do Slaves rebel, that those commands oppose.
 O how you err, to think in means men err,
 May as they please employ their vast estate
 What means the Law, (that thus it is abuse,
 Where men their means to harmful ends do use)
 But to employ their life to wholesome ends,
 On which so much the Country's good depends
 And 'tis good Counsel, Madam, though I say so,
 Let not your Slave by you employed be
 To things unjust! This Counsel where respect
 These with disdain I've seen commands neglected.

If with your Honour you your Servants
 And on his shoulders you impose the burthen
 With dear expectation you will surely see, more than
 That trusted Honour will be able to sustain
 He through Father's Trumpet shall your cause proclaim
 And then through Towns & Countries your due Name
 Shall be worse render'd than from such a man
 Through his fall Story much the truth should
 Where therefore faithful Service you would have
 No Privy-Counsellor make of your State
 Within my Realm no Laid I entertain
 Yet, trust me, this not out of proud disdain
 In me no scornful Spirit I do finde
 Fear to my God is that which rules my minde
 But now your Loves either you would advice
 And conquer me to that vile dalliance
 By shewing how your plotting tongue obtain'd
 This stay at home, and for me fastness detain'd
 Alas! are these the Symptomes of a mind
 To simple Truth and Faithfulness inclin'd
 Or not much rather to injure our deare
 Of Perjury that from false hearts proceeds
 And yet how desperate too, to hang a cloak
 Of Sickness over all, and so provoke
 The Mighty God, as if he were not worth
 His Creatures fear that crawl upon the earth
 But we may Presidents to witness call
 How oft such machs in his just hands do fall
 And now shall stretch out Arms, or raised Breast
 Or Prayers devout unto my name addrest
 Perswade my minde, think you, belied to say
 To such pretences, and their blood they
 Forbidden Laid it is that is your sin
 And thence yet never upright dealing came

False to your Lord, to me you can't be true :
 For dalliance overt, then all Faith adieu.
 Truth never flows from Lies, these can't agree
 Friendly Indwellers in one breast to be.
 And with what Art do you Adultery seek
 To qualify of guilt? a youthful trick
 It only name, in fashion now adays :
 Not Criminal, because now common ways.
 But is not Theft a Crime? And pray what Theft
 Is now allow'd? Or where's a man bestift
 Of greater good, than of his Second-self?
 To whom all goods besides are but as pelf.
 Thieves that rob here, steal more from honest men,
 Than what they ever can restore again.
 O, of its violence when I do reflect,
 What horror doth it not in me inject!
 Of sins with which so humane hearts abound,
 Sure than this Lust no viler there is found:
 Which at its height becomes in this most vile,
 Where Wodlock's sacred Theens it doth defile.
 For other sins that universal charm
 Have not, nor do they work in men that harm,
 They being rather of external kind,
 As to the Body: this enslaves the mind
 Not only, but each limb, and pierceth through
 Marrow and bone (where Virtue bids adieu.)
 So holding on, till Strength be gone and Grace.
 And deep Rernorle and Plagues supply their place.
 O! How may I Adulterous Limbs embrace!
 How thus God's Image in my Soul deface!
 Ay me! and how the sweets of Lust enjoy,
 And all my perfect peace of Soul destroy!
 Shall Joseph be in ways adulterous found?
 Sin vilest Lust, and where all Sins abound?

As in uncleaned fields of venemous kind,
 All sorts of Vermin we behold enjoy'd :
 Ah ! Lord assist, let this not seize on me,
 By thy soft Grace let me restrained be :
 And in sure bonds hold thou my thoughts impure,
 That my dear Soul may be from Lust secure.
 Particular acts of men will not suffice
 Infalibly to teach us what to prize,
 And what things not : what kinds of ways to chase,
 Or on the other hand what to refuse.
 Our building's on God's Promises, that's the ground
 Where true direction for our walk is found :
 And so as we to these our steps direct,
 So far we Lust discover and reject.
 Your Cause is not for *Abraham's* fact allow'd ;
 Should we our Crimes with others failings throu'd ?
 And yet no others Wife did he defile,
 Or Heritage with a false Heir beguile.
 Nor sought he *Sarah* to deceive hereby,
 'Twas her first Will made him here to comply.
 Nor Lust to cool by this, was his intent,
 But of his house th' enlargement only meant.
 Produce you *Jacob* too ? Nor will you finde
 There ought that warrants this to Womankind.
 Yields God to Man this right ? Who doth not see
 That Women here no ways concerned be ?
 For once let Wives with many Men unite,
 What Generations shall be kept upright ?
 Or how the Issue understand at all,
 Who its own Father it may truly call ?
 I know you can no instance once produce,
 Where *Habsem-wives*, provok'd by Lust, did use
 Threepos'd Wombs, or pre-engag'd heart,
 Than to their Husbands otherwise impart.

Did Sarah ever see her Lord thus fly?
 By you I cannot bear: another way
 I'll therefore chuse: O no, her liquor is spoken.
 Such insipiduous words, much less did undertake
 The farthest impious deed. With reckless minds
 Though Kachel kings for Isaac, yet this kind
 Of way abhor'd to take: now ever known
 Were women with us so lascivious grown.
 But now how awfully great of Lot
 You vent your thoughts! though who is free of spot?
 And leprous sin, where it most least obtains,
 Forward and forward towards all it gains.
 But did Lust reign in him? Dost you aver,
 That this above all good he did prefer?
 O no; lo, God for his just Soul takes care,
 And this sole man in all he had dear.
 So witnessing that he was only found
 Guiltless of Lust, for which God cast the ground,
 And if we on his fault, you hint, reflect
 'Twill but your frail defence the more defect.
 Before him, of a fire that rag'd behind
 Fly ill-choosing sparks, where all Mankind
 That there drew breath, and Flocks, and stately Towers
 Are fuel to those strange prodigious fires.
 Till afterwards he fire no more his Man,
 Or hears her footsteps he but heard of late,
 For which huge griefs upon his spirit seize,
 More strong than can by any frail mortal ease,
 Whole force the better themselves to escape,
 He for a Cordial draws the blessing Grape,
 Where over-fire with this sacred fruit,
 He, drunken, yields up his too strong dispute.
 In this Lot said, for which God yet hath
 Judicial Judgments of a large extent all sides of page

So that e'er I did therein, he did it first: and
 Which so greatly he himself began to think
 That when I was young, do now I think
 With false delight, and false the delight
 Unto the time of grief, when the
 Can then consider what they then
 Beyond their grief, and then the heart
 Who knows, though he did hear the
 For he the Will considers
 Or Mind that tries, if not by
 And catches these transformations
 By him that did them through
 Through the example, and for his
 If led by him, he then
 But with premeditation
 The flesh by premeditation
 In those usually obscure
 How should this justify
 You unlearned have time to
 Yet obscure, no Countess will
 Let know not what he did
 Your guilt, you see, is
 O how your mind is bound
 To think no time the
 Against his first in
 Although, as yours, so
 Lo, Woodocks Obedience
 As the fair Female for the
 Who, though but one, yet so
 For help to him, with his
 God's Spirit by each
 But chiefly he his wrath
 Things on his list, and
 In shows on those who in

This caus'd of old these floods o' y^e hills to flow,
 Where flocks once pastur'd, where fens of men did go
 The skits themselves were threatened: what before
 Was Land, for this is, for without all Shew;
 Nor any thing that breath'd would God then spare;
 But only of each kind one single pair
 Of Male and Female; select couple'd heaps
 Th' floods Parturiers were, and pour'd in those deeps.
 If this suffice not, then I may one flow
 Once *Abraham* call with *Sarah* here, who grew
 Soon famous at this Court, which entertain'd
 Him better far her fate: those both remain'd
 As of one womb, she being later call'd
 By him) small her luxury high exalt'd
 Saluted *Pharaoh* e'en, while he sat in flame
 Of growing lust by that aspect became.
 Yet when with her this lust he did intend
 To cook, for how God on his head did send
 Unusual judgments, punishments unknown,
 Till he retir'd to *Abraham* his own.
 And thus if God's a fault of ignorance
 In *Princes* plagues for lust, he's a fast advance
 Worse on that fave, that boldly dares defile
 His Masters bed, and know his guilt the while.
 When *Abraham* afterwards did meet about
 His course to *Genoa*, (though it fell not out)
 Yet did not God that Prince to death assign,
 Told in a Dream, because he did incline
 In lust to wife's Mark her what wounds sever
Abimelech, thou'rt dead, except my fear
 Constrain, thus straight the Marry'd to reflect
 Unouch'd rudely as she was before.
 Thus lust by God abhor'd, we by this time
 May learn, and held by men a heinous crime:

For herupon, *Abimelech*, we sit,
 Declaring this alike most vile to be.
 And if you look where our huge flocks do feed,
 And where our Herdsmen dwell to feed our flock,
 You shall yet see that yet at any time
 Our Hebrews left uncatch'd such a crime.
 How very right had *Thomas* been expos'd
 To cruel *James*, if he had not disdain'd
 Then *Judas*'s pledge, by whom with child he went,
 And doesn't see that to this since punishment
 Nor think that *Judas* felt that Law did make,
 As if design'd alone for *Thomas*'s sake.
 He was our Head our Judge within that Land,
 Nor doesn't could give but as those Laws did stand.
 But why our Maids behaviour bring you here,
 Since nothing there can fit your Cause appear?
 What *Sarah* erst and *Rachel* since did do,
 Were different ways from those now chose by you.
 Wisthal, your Husband is not once content,
 Sure hereunto you never will consent
 To lend him to another's bed, you who
 To two at once with hearted lust now glow;
 And yet wisthal how vainly you uphold
 This evil Cause from Taken by Countess told,
 As if the wanton Court should Perjury give
 To honest minds for Guidance how to live?
 But that man in best things who would excel,
 Must shun the Court, there doth no Virtue dwell
 And they who listen to mischievous discourse,
 Though well inclin'd, are made thereby the worse.
 So it provokes lewd thoughts, and so impure
 Defiles uprigh minds it doth abuse.
 But what comes here? Should Rest in Pain be plac'd?
 Or things sweet he'd for bring sorrow of tale?

Wish

With labour handiwork what dost thou do?
 Shall that the more with love be interpreted?
 Because I find in mine own death, that we
 Love what's forbidden, and therefore must we
 See that man's road which is the way to death,
 To place his life in danger, not to pay,
 So flies corruption here, there hold their cell,
 Nor can these charming words, which are so sweet,
 So Perseus looks reflected in the blood,
 And beautiful Alceas make their good,
 O praise no things in love, that are so sweet,
 We love no faintest fruit, nor winter flowers,
 Who with a shadow's food cannot content,
 Have an immortal appetite to fill,
 Who have so great a desire to see,
 That Meats be others which before had been,
 Yet have devoured? Not any time to wait,
 To cry in beds while there he knows,
 The flower when dashed of its Virgin smile,
 And gape of liquor which full gives,
 Nothing is left but that which none will use,
 Spreads unfavoury reflects all refuse,
 The sick of youth, who have a single life,
 A Maid before, nor any husband's wife:
 For him a Noisy's good, first pluck, nor one
 In others hands, whence all the strength is gone,
 Whom in spottish love, where of one mind,
 In youth's hand, two are for ever joined,
 Whom, except death, no evil can divide,
 Their fate for each another must abide,
 O in our private eyes what sweet is there,
 Where such agreeing minds together pass!
 Who in their chain delight withal, whose
 This added pain, that dear God did ordain,

But where lead where, lock'd in company but ill, 200
 Their bodies gauding to hangings well, and walls to fill
 There is no more delight, for you can't be 205
 Whence chaffing delight is made to be, to yield it

SEPHYRA

Thou hast a sweet tongue for Venus' praise, 210
 And still enjoy'st unnumber'd ways, to please thyself
 But of these many things thou dost embrace, 215
 Unprofitable Doctrine dost with all despise,
 What, shall any such thing motion have 220
 Of dalliance, and shall she wait be slave?
 Since, as thou say'st, she's made for his delight, 225
 Who yields her due when power's to deny it,
 It will not hold, when Souls of men we see 230
 Inclined to lust, that women yet should be
 From those sweet joys debar'd: why should not pleasure 235
 As well as grief to both be thus'd like constant love,
 Lo, when a Father from a single Son 240
 His Daughters to a Married will transfer,
 It's not his hate that he, his best delight, 245
 May wedded be to one pernicious wight,
 Who can so amply sweetly with her spend, 250
 And to her passions equal flames extend,
 For this I judge soft Wallock was ordain'd, 255
 That marry'd pairs in that strict union chain'd,
 As well as joy as grief alike should be 260
 Yoked, and live ever in those terms agree,
 Who in this state their days, he should incline 265
 Themselves to his wife, and all his youth resign
 To the full pleasures of her mind in chain'd 270
 And this who does not do, is lost & vain

Poor Soul, the body 'tis that pays the smart,
 If his elsewhere divides from her his heart;
 Or if should he break his head with care,
 Thereby at home she's left to divers cares.
 This for a rule I state, not without reason,
 That each kind Husband thought of every season
 Be to his wife devoted with pure thought;
 Which who neglects, performs not what he ought.
 Where once the man his Covenant-bonds doth break,
 The wife there have chosen here off to shake;
 For why to him should he devoted be,
 If to his duty he will not agree?
 Well, let my Eldest frequent the Royal Theatre,
 But shall then I, though Married, yet alone,
 In hateful singleness my youth thus spend?
 O no, this mind doth other things intend.
 As I must am'rous am, must fate inclin'd,
 So go those passions I'll repentment find
 From strangers hands. When fate is in a Town,
 By certain persons men bring his fury down.
 Methinks my Lord with cares enough was ply'd,
 When th'Court with daily meats he did provide,
 And when whatever th'Royal board deserv'd,
 By his direct command was only serv'd:
 Yet could not this suffice; Ambition knows
 No bounds, but still greatness ever grows,
 More eager bent: the heart ever grows a prey
 To the mid-wood, murtherer thence hails away.
 The late Lord Chamberlain few days since past,
 Through heart-sick pain upon his bed was cast:
 A fit of Palsy, with a long-hand cold,
 Of death's approach, by his friends was told;
 Each ready made, and from all corners drew
 The sick to view, all with mournful show,

But merriment of mind. One for the State,
 Another for the tempting gold laid wait,
 Your Lord, not flow'd of these Marriages-flocks,
 His interest 'gainst these so well defends
 To his dear Prince, that he the place obtain'd,
 While yet the Patient heart alive remain'd,
 And with this Change now he is overcome,
 Now can regard what things are done at home.
 The Royal Chamber death his Soul posside,
 There's his converse, there rests his happiness.
 'Tis of huge consequence the Prince's mind
 Each evening to discover how inclin'd,
 And seek to gain it. Sleep then came away,
 And that's the hour of all the following day:
 For from repose new rais'd, he's best of mind,
 And favours then from him more free we find,
 Than through the day may kindly be obtain'd.
 With him who heretofore, him that day hath gain'd.
 This my Lord tells me; and before each day
 Can pass, he's chiding, where though I his day
 Implore, he's deaf; and though in earnest so
 Forsakes the conference. But let him go
 His own injustice turn his Right to me
 So forfeited by him eternally.
 For since his body he to me denies,
 My Marriage-promise I'm as much deny'd.
 Wherefore, I pray, should I thus tedious nights
 Languish for want of conjugal delight;
 And flourish with excess of youthful fires,
 Perish without objects in their desire?
 He to his Prince conveys himself away,
 Him to salute before approaching day:
 Whilst I am left without the slender bliss
 Of Night repast, or Mornings sweet-kiss.

But what I thus say, I say to you, I say to you
 Ways for my own benefit I shall provide
 As well as for your benefit, that you may see
 Or move me this conclusion to desire,
 He who with his wife holds so much in love,
 Given cause that others do his Wives respect.

JOSEPH

A H, think you that with few of eyes to hide
 The golden Caskets, whilst you all rights divide?
 Methinks it were a shame, (the more we see)
 Which calls for better sight under the
 It's just a Wife's thought, to know her heart,
 To others should be left, as if we were,
 Because her husband's better sense, and mind
 Not always is with hers to last inclined?
 Should she be so, (as her slave) disposed
 In bed towards his wife, as if he were?
 O no! the World's Opinion shew must be,
 Where no officious eyes may pierce to see,
 Thinks there is hold may never be to pry,
 When Man and Wife in their Pavilion lie.
 A pregnant saying some time since I heard,
 Which very much the Nuptial sheets concerned:
 There, whether joy or misery accrue,
 Let it be wisely kept, kept secret too.
 As head, the Man's not bound the wife will
 At all times of his Comfort to fulfill.
 'Tis not then a difference we are taught to make,
 She being only formed for his sake.
 If Similes might settle your mind,
 A cratching one you in the Mill might find,

Whole

While wings ne'r move in circulating course,
 But as they're whirled by winds of passion's force:
 And thus the Wife should to her husband cleave,
 Who from her self should neither rise nor move,
 But by her Lord's hand be guided well disposed,
 And move as his desires shall give occasion.
 Is he now down'd in her own faith's flight?
 'Tis then despite to some that she should be so light.
 She of his changes should be well aware, and then should
 If blithe, enjoy with him all that she can afford
 And though it possibly should ~~be~~ ^{be} night-eyed
 That in Domestic things no care still should be
 He would vouchsafe, yet should no charyd ~~be~~ ^{be} no off.
 For that break Faith, and hold a Husband still,
 Alone it is through ways of love and will.
 The Gentle heart of Widdow is undivided,
 And though the Wife should blameless be, yet she
 Ought not a possession to others be,
 But first should be divorced from his side,
 And single so become, so years should
 Or what I value more, themselves obtain
 From love, and make all her days remain
 But you seek not for things that you beside
 To be divorc'd, but would 'twixt two divide
 Your bodies also, and wold in wedlock live,
 The easier seek to gain for one man two.
 This but too well is seen, and who will say
 But thus your flesh's nature of bounds to stay,
 And crafty behind a masquerade aim
 To play the Harlot, and be used from shame
 Well then, the cheat is plain, and plain the lie
 To tell you there's I shall see again,
 I have a Lord above, though sure you are
 My Mistress, cherish such things that I fear

SEPHYRA.

BUt though much my Cause thou deem'st to be,
 Yet let not now this rare Occasion be
 Neglected; since heere is by my Lord
 To thee vouchsafed, what hee was can't afford
 To do with me. Himself hath brought us hither,
 That as by his own conduct we together
 In Loves might swim: O shame, if such a day
 Without fruition should thus slip away!
 He on the Court and that ambitious State
 Has fixt his Heart, and all his future Fate
 There now and ever dwells. I all the day
 Am here alone: What then obstructs thy way?
 His time's employ'd to journey up and down,
 As Envoy unto Rulers of great renown
 That influence this Court: So that we see
 None so beloved by his dear Prince as he.
 And 'tis the Princes Mission which his heart
 Covets to be, that by the Vulgar part
 He might be worshipp'd, and Egyp^ts Land
 Observance yield unto his sole Command.
 O how he thirsts a thousand Knees to see
 For his good Favour suppliant to be!
 And as he ever dwells at Court, his minde
 Thence cannot come, so he at home inclin'd:
 Where if he be sometimes, what need we fear,
 Since his Mind's absent, whilst his Body's there?
 Thus who by Courtly Cloy is dar'd,
 All shews to him as real art believ'd:
 And he his home who makes not his delight,
 May easily be turn'd out from his Right.

Who

Who can so late as hour for thinking
View life from danger, and yet not ending
To use the season? But in thy breast
That oft an open door creates a feast
And yet here's more: through my surviving
My Lord must sit down during his absence
Wife Joseph! come to him, say Rural
There's nothing pleasurable, but what comes from him
On whom he dwells, you can be certain
That thoughts of Joseph, or those long scenes
Of sporting with his Wife he saw
Yet to Civilities he'll apply
Set them how sweet a list before his eye
Now as a tale, if yet then let his
Then merit's name. He who ~~will~~ ^{will}
Will not escape, in after-scenes

J O S E P H.

Thought Time and Place at your design may hinder
Yet no occasion lacks men to be virtuous
Though opportunity is with us
Yet these no less perfect may be found
Consider your Cause with cunning men, that know
The influence of the stars above
They never think, I'm sure, of that day
In which men might be useful to the state
O no! convenience may never make
Unjust things just, which you now undertake
Tis this occasion swiftly hence dash'd
But this no less Transposition's worth
Though my Lord's interest here, or mine here
This due to duty should the more prevail

More faithful than his servants hands, *John 13*
 Expected is when Masters are away
 Let him be who he will, he who will stay
 His duty only in his Masters eye
 I do not flatter, I do who serve the Lord
 Like pale shadows with us when they are abroad
 They who their servants value would display
 Must eye them when they think no viewers nigh
 Hate, me from *Floury* drive, whence by Gods hand
 Men me a Slave brought into *Exile* Land
 In which state God I follow, expect I show
 That faithfulness to whom I owe my life
 Despis'd though I am, yet, word of respect
 Me yet, so low, my Lord would not forget
 This God I follow, I will not turn away
 Serve *Father*, but serve my God with all
 Be sure thou never dost from him depart,
 He loves in every state, *Psalm 138*
 Which singleness, what ever from Gods hand
 Besides thee, in the heart I never find
 Though I be *slavish*, yet I will not find
 And for a warrant my heart will stand
 To Laws of men, *Psalm 119*
 The soul embolden'd of thy word I find
 My Masters love, which is my strength and shield
 As with rich treasures, with his word I find
 His mercies, which are like the sun and moon
 That gaze on me, and still my soul do cheer
 His Household words, which in my heart are stored
 All sort of truth, which I have learnt with thee
 He is at Court, where I am, and at home
 And so at home, where I am, and at Court
 This likewise will be known, in words and deeds
 Of plainest dress he frequently is dressed,
 That

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That God for thy sake him thus greatly blest,
 Which now in grateful language he expresses.
 And now his private things against my will,
 All's well I do, nor can I do what's ill.
 Such constant love to me I find he bears,
 As men would yield unto their only Heav'n.
 Of all things ample power I did obtain,
 You only did excepted here remain.
 If therefore to the Laws I incline
 I make this house comply, this doth but lose
 With what's thy charge, but none of these extend
 Unto your person, these say'st thou they end.
 You an Inclosure hallo'ed art to none
 But him, and unto him shall be alone.
 Nothing may be so hardy to frequent
 Your borders, and your famous circumvent.
 How could I then but prove abhorred vile,
 If thus I should my Masters bid decline.
 Thus bring unto his hate, to feel a fall
 His becomen Treasure, love, and life, and all.
 Surely from Reason then I should decline,
 Or from what's human, common discipline.
 So bold if I should be both to despise
 My God and Masters favour, in that wise.
 Much better I no more draw breath to live,
 Than hate for kindness, bid for good to give.
 So double guilt abhorred is by me,
 None (above all deep-trusted) false should be.
 What base rumours should through Egypt ring,
 What scandal on our people should I bring,
 If in these ways which you have now begun
 With you I equally should chuse to run!
 Is this the youth (would be the say) the seed
 Of *Abime*, this of them whom God decreed

His people, this the Lad in highly praise'd,
 And beyond others in punishment rais'd?
 Hence thou and all thy kin's from whence it came
 In vain 'twas not part of your lustful frame
 Were forc'd, as soon, almost, as men did find
 You breath: what pity ought was left behind?
 Well, 'tis my Charge of our Domesticks, each
 To keep in bounds, subjecting due, and each
 By rods the Criminal: so here I stand
 Judge and Law-giver by my Lords command.
 But shall I, their Supreme, a Judge sever,
 By heavy hands for each offence appear?
 Still I on others Laws impose, and yet
 My self the foulest practices admit?
 Or shall I when the law do neglect
 Their work, forthwith their negligence correct?
 Yet wholly deficient of shame the while
 As like a Goat, my Masters bed desire?
 The Chief when he in vicious courses lives,
 More than the sin is the offence he gives:
 For as to this, that wounds along his side;
 But the offence extends to many more,
 O therefore kill their thoughts, which so abuse
 Your noble mind such fouled things to chuse.
 How should it ever be for Vassals more,
 Their Lords dear Name to trample under foot?
 And on by lustful Inclinations led,
 Uncover and pollute their Masters bed?

SEPHY-

[7]
SEPHYRA.

IF Reason cannot move your marble mind,
Yet let that grateful which in me you find
Towards you, to the like awaken you,
Love may produce what Reason could not do.
As Lime in building Pyramids, we find,
Each little stone therein doth firmly bind:
So Friendship is, in Love's uniting chain,
Which hearts together joins, and join'd maintains,
Unworthily amongst Scum of men to live,
Is he, for love who no return will give,
And thus unworthily you'll your self approve,
If all my kindness you to none may move.
Though here you come an ignominious slave,
Yet as at home, all liberty you have,
And by my means: from Paphos you see
Large signs of love, but larger far from me.
On our best things to put you 'in our strife;
He weeks of honour gives, I of sweet life:
So that no greater evil here you find,
Except to you perchance we are too kind.
He with affairs that takes away at night
Your self, employs you: I with rest delight.
With ponderous things your care he loads, where
Did you but fix on me a charmer's eye.
No day doth pass wherein I don't accost
You in some place or other, where I'm lost
In sighs unnumber'd, looking so
As fitly depicted lovers use to do.
If then alive I find you, language sweet,
Which but for thousands, six the slaves is meet,

I give. By your neglect if ought is miss,
 I calmly take it, nor on pay insist.
 Amongst our Nobles art you introduc'd?
 That my good will alone for you produc'd.
 When in Apparell any dress that's new
 Arises, that's produc'd forthwith for you;
 Though seemingly to honour *Tempter*,
 Because his Steward, and with him you are.
 But ah how far from that is the design
 To which my soul so strongly doth incline?
 How I revive, within this Court to view
 A youth of Body and of Limbs like you!
 As sprightly, kindly, and so courtly clad!
 The bare remembrance makes my fancy glad.
 Rich persons whereof they may be gain'd
 I thenceforth plot how they may be obtain'd
 Best for you only, so that none may be
 Dividers with you, but the whole for thee.
 If tidings for my Lord for some to tell
 Falls out, and know I it may please him well,
 I charge you with it: incidental rydings are
 For common wretches, not for you to bear.
 Bestows my Lord upon our Family
 A new-years-gift, or what may th'like imply;
 You both at first with them alike do part,
 And after get from me a richer share.
 If of my Gentlewomen 'tis desir'd
 One may the errand bear, if you requir'd
 'Tis first of all, for nothing's good offer'd.
 Not good or pertinent by *Jeane* desir'd.
 But why thus heap I wounds? on every side
 Thus you through me suffering'd with love abide:
 But where's my love? how art you grateful for?
 When one hand walks together, both's made clean.

Can he with Reason, although I am upright, see I
 Her for her love with such a rage possess'd?
 Nay, and will it not? But he that face
 To meet his Ladies last will find delight
 In Discipline, and common Reformation,
 Teacheth us how to love to make good
 For good: and should you not that love to make
 Have shown you yield up back with duty
 Ingrate? So he that can do, he can love
 So men may which of one does shall partake
 Since all no one return again can
 How are these loves through love, and of love
 My sweetest hopes to this distance day
 As with swift winds, I see are blown away
 From thee not lagging light, but shining
 Once notice more, not yet my young person
 To Court I sent thee, more some time to go
 By which I to thy bending did intend
 But that it seems with thee found favour less
 For where it should be shown, there's none at all
 But stay, forgetful I too far advance
 I know this flows not from dull ignorance
 The will's perverse. Can't Joseph be wrong'd?
 O yes, but fancy death his power will hold.

JOSEPH to himself.

A Harsh as frowns, like gill Fish appear,
 Which please the eye, but eat, the bowels tear.
 Disguist the palate, like no other drink,
 Ours the fast stomach, and depart with quick.
 This now I plainly see. Aye. What's that you say?
 What is't you in such manner say?

I must not hear? How will you in a Cloud
Abscond your reason now? I reply aloud.

How with your mind did my tall makers spend?

Prevail'd they ought? *Jes.* Not any thing indeed.

Soph. Can kindness gain from you then no return?

Jes. Yes, but in you, that grace I can't discern.

Soph. Is this my fault? when I my pains may blame.

Jes. Self-interest favours none will kindness name.

Soph. But what unkindness have I shewn you? *Jes.*

What else you could to steal my heart away.

Ah me! when men false baits so false hold,

Frighten'd with sweetness, but which death infold,

Is this a kindness? flows this from good will?

The very love pertruded 'tis death will.

And such your favours are, so they abuse

The Soul with lyes, and certain death produce.

But I, of other favours too can sing,

Than yours more still far, and great, which bring

Upon their wings Salvation, and intend

A love indelible, that hath no end.

That God it is, in whom I trust this love,

Who in these ways you run, perhaps me move:

Whose so great favours I should ill repay,

(If that were all) if I should disobey.

He from my Dearthers Blood-thirsty hands,

From a fiery Danger, drew my falling hands,

Inevitable death prepar'd for me,

Hath rescu'd, and from danger set me free.

At length me in this happy state hath plac'd,

And therein, with high honours greatly grac'd,

Affording me coadjutors in that state

Committed to my charge, and to my care.

Thus help God done, will shall I him offend,

And draw his wrath upon me without end?

For such unblest flattery, you shall I
 Chase lasting wee, and turn my blessing by
 To Carnal loves shall I my self betake,
 And foolishly the love of God forsake?
 Then lead my future days in grief of heart,
 Where nothing earthly, comfort can impart,
 If kindnesses should hearts mercifull tame,
 And to the Deity with kind love inflame,
 Sure then I ought to yield my God this mind,
 Who has to me, beyond you has, been kind.

SEPHYRA.

Tell, what has God to do with me or you?
 'Our good adds not to hurt, now is it true
 That he good man regards: for him be griev'd,
 Whose trouble in his thoughts he on't receive'd?
 'Tis manifest: what of Gods fierce plagues is said,
 Serves but to make the Vulgar just afraid,
 And that th'unlearned rabble of a Land
 Might by such means be kept in strait command,
 In Heav'nly Altitudes God dwells, to know
 For us too high: what should he do below
 Amongst such clouds of earth, or mortals mind,
 Who in his Image his delight doth find?
 Should that great Prince, that's Father of the Light,
 That boundless power, judge man's vain works of night,
 Here on this drossy dale? Should his great Soul
 Considerably weime in dust that soile?
 He in high Paradise above Angels sits,
 Triumphant sits, and rules, whence ways of men
 He can't survey. As that shade is great,
 So is so contemptible's this lower state.

My house is stor'd with most retir'd Alcoves,
 Fitted to entertain us in our loves.
 Profoundly hid, they cunningly yet clos'd,
 In ambages perplexing, what expos'd
 No part is to the Sun : to this I ways
 Have all that hinder to remove. Delays
 Nor any may perfume, but first must go
 Then far enough. What is't love cannot do ?
 Knots though most intricate we can evolve,
 When taught by Love, and sayings dark resolve.
 In most ambiguous matters, ways find out
 The prize to gain, and bring our ends about.
 I, ever since Love set my mind on flame,
 Soon Mistress of these Mysteries became :
 Though chiefly fraud, I counsel when I will
 My fervent passions to obey, fulfil.
 Nor without lies shall ever Lover be
 Possessor of a desir'd felicity.

J O S E P H.

THink you so closely then your Plots to hide,
 That by no piercing eye they should be spide ?
 Shall none your works of darkness undiscuss ?
 O you're deceiv'd, things shall go otherwise.
 He who the eye did make, should he not see,
 Who all these Beings fashioned that be ?
 Should he not all things see, that made the sight,
 That fram'd the Sun, and first produc't the Light ?
 Obscure in gloom of night your filthy works,
 (And true it is, sin still in darkness lurks.)
 Within the most retir'd Alcoves prepare
 To take your pleasure, and no eye think there :

Yet

Yet know, that eye that humbly not can sleep,
 Sees all, and of your ways still reckoning keeps,
 Even to your innermost thoughts. No Cave can hide
 You, or your works from his bright eyes divide.
 Put on the clapping wings of the day,
 And to Earths bounds hasten, and wing away.
 Or where the Ocean ends, there you will find
 Him likewise present, fathoming your mind.
 Your mind, whose thoughts alas off he surveys,
 Before Conception has there hatch'd his ways.
 Your mind, which cannot think, or cannot do,
 Can he not know, and better know than you.
 It bids you not let lowest Vales to lack,
 Or by Night favour'd, deeds of Night to work.
 For Night is Day to God, darkness as light,
 And all things naked to his piercing sight.
 Well, but it seems to God the Heav'n as you'd give,
 So, as you pleas'd, you in the world might live.
 But me! how vain is this which you conceive!
 With God it is not as you would believe.
 O your Creator better learn to know,
 And more respect with due submission show,
 When of him you discourse. No mortal has
 Nor humane is, as you would have him be.
 Heaven his ubiquity by sight doth know,
 And though not seen, yet is he here below.
 Both here, and every where: now may you name
 That place where his dear Spirit never came,
 And at that instant I do know him here,
 I likewise know him present every where,
 Yet undivided, and essentially.
 Whilst we fly from him, unto him we fly.
 Had you the power by counterfeiting shows,
 The eyes of men and reason to deceive,

Twould

'Twould not avail you; 'tis not here or there
 Will hide your deeds to God which naked are.
 As wicked boys who fo their Plots contrive,
 That into them none of the youth can live,
 What boots it yet, if he them understands,
 Who for their punishments that rod commands?
 But what speak we of Man, made of a clod
 Of despicable Earth! let's on his God
 That made him now reflect, whose powerful hand
 Nor Heavens, nor Earth, nor can the Seas withstand.
 Nay, Seas their rage forget, Winds calm remain,
 When he commands, and rocks do rool in twain.
 Heavens melt for fervent heat, opposit with fear,
 Like man distress'd, that shreds for anguish tears.
 Moves he his voice, and gives the sea in doom;
 Thus far, but farther not your Waves may come;
 The banks must check their fury, force detain,
 As fiery Steeds when curbed by the rein.
 Forth from his mouth huge damps like night do go;
 Then following flames, which Nations overflow.
 To stone-heaps Towns he turns, and down doth fill
 All things against his judgment that rebel.
 His Chariot-roads are th' pinions of the wind;
 His way begett with darkness, none may find.
 Swift flying Clouds that 'longst the Heaven glide,
 His nimble Chariot is, on which he rides.
 Th' Thunders his voice, if that betrays forth, then there
 Where *Sylvarum* *Eccho*, Hinds do calve that bear,
 And cast their unripe fruit o'th' trembling way.
 Hills skip affrighted, Palms do run away;
 His Hofs are Thrones of mighty Cherubim,
 They hide his Char, attend as Guards on him.
 Of these Angelick Quarries numberless,
 That threat fierce din of War, both he possess,

Commixt with flames : a Night-resembling Smoke
 Shoots from his noſtells when we him provoke,
 And clouds the Air, 'till that the whole Syſtem
 Withers its leaf, and ſinks for anxious pain.
 He in the Clouds his ſigns doth ſhow, which threat
 Plague, Sword, or Famine, which here woes complet;
 The Sun and Moon vaſt Obedience do obey
 Commands he, they ſtand ſtill, or run their way.
 From him the three-fold Lightning darts its ſtreak,
 Which wher'e'er it doth on rocks or Turrets dash,
 Such ruinous way it makes, that th' earth her wounds
 Ghafly reveals, and offers man a Tomb.
 The arch'd Rainbow, with unnumber'd rays,
 Strait from the troubled ſhies its light diſplays,
 When he commands : where then it takes its place
 Right oppoſite where the Sun purſues his race.
 About the Sphere he thouſand ſtars doth guide,
 Which never err, but ever ſurely glide :
 Their ſtrength he knows, and numbers of them all,
 Each by his name diſtinctly he doth call.
 As with thick wool, with ſnow he doth beſet
 The naked fields. He froſts his fearful cold
 That charmeth flowing ſtreams : then a South-wind,
 Which them from number'd doth again unbind.
 His dreadful Judgments ſoon Reſolve he ſhakes :
 From calm repoſe the ſleeping ſea he wakes
 To horrible ſpouts, as with his hands
 Drives ſhips in unknown deeps, men on ſtrange lands.
 Leviathan, the terror of the Main,
 With panick fear he troubles, till again
 He yields his borrow'd Life, and until he
 Makes where he dyes, an Iſland in the ſea,
 So awful is this glorious Majesty,
 Who whilſt we only name, our ſpirits he

Arrested breath with dand : nor can we find
 Repose whilst this continues in our mind.
 Come, Madam, then, your young affections yield
 To Heavenly things : let them no more be held
 With earthly trash, but thence withdraw your love,
 And henceforth fix it upon things above,
 Where no remorse for sin nor pain doth dwell,
 But lasting joys, which these do far excel :
 And whilst these joys, in our immortal May,
 Inebriate and fill the Soul for aye.
 This blissful state let's labour then to gain ;
 What though it cost us self-damning pain ?
 Since here we must the hell of flesh oppose,
 Or that felicity for ever lose.
 Let us that hell with angry zeal contend,
 Unweariedly, which would deprive the Soul
 Thus of its rest. As was before the fire,
 So spurious lust would dye in our desire,
 If we would force our backward thoughts to be
 Converting with these matters frequently.
 When in us things of God we overlap,
 Our minds it strengthens, and drives sin away.

SEPHYRA.

BUt hold, fond Boy, Gods judgments let them be,
 Whose steps are drawing near the grave, who speed
 Now down-hill to their end : let them reflect
 On such dull Philosophers, and these joys neglect.
 But why should we, that have not reach'd our Noon,
 Think on the period of our days so soon ?
 Disturb, by thoughts of other worlds, our rest
 And seek those joys of which we are possess ?

Age blith like Youth, like heavy age Youth grave !
 Things more difconsoling not on earth we have.
 Dullness becomes best Youth, as hard in hand
 With joy Youth couples, knits in am'rous bands
 Both their designs in Mirth and soft delight,
 As doth their Names, their humours to unite;
 And both our soul (so they agree) possess;
 What the one covets, others craves possess.
 Hence in frisker union never joy'd
 Two pleasant pairs of more agreeing mind.
 Tomb in his bloom, and now when South inspires
 Life in the Spring, and gathers into quires
 The scarlet'd Nightingales, and decks the Hills
 With cheerful green, and Banks of gliding Rills:
 When Gardens re-assume their Summer pride,
 Where Art and Nature both in triumph ride,
 Whose various Flowers desire the vulgar eye,
 In taking them for curious Tapestries
 Then their chief pleasure he to him affords,
 With which the lady deigns to be conversant
 Jewels the first, crump'd of air,
 That knows no fading, nor doth laughter spare;
 Who not on Earth, but as on Air dash round,
 Each step he makes with ever willing hand.
 Next, *Play*, whose notes strike the warbling string,
 Which moves the Soul and into name doth bring
 Whose musick regulates dividing feet,
 That move in dance, and makes each step meet
 And lastly, *Cher*, to follow Doves incline'd,
 But which in Cities, not in Woods we find
 Horly pursuing, till within his coils
 He has obtain'd some of those beautiful spoils
 Then sweet-lip'd *Joy* immediately arm'd,
 With soft Habnaments, whereon portray'd



Not Loves intentions, though her brightest fire
 Plunge hearts far deeper into our first care.
 The *Ope* and the *Taffee* variants die,
 And *Diamonds* die at her brightest eye;
 The *Sapire*'s blow, by her more at our veins,
 Seem to confess they give her there for slain;
 And blushing *Robin* seem to lose their die,
 When her more *Ruby* lips are moving by.
 The curious *Apples* of her swelling breast,
 In which a *Paradise* of pleasure rests,
 Saps all the whiteness *Syden* which she wears,
 And gazing eyes to ravishment enflames.
 Thus clad and qualified, likewise she
 For her diversion has made choice of three.
 Song first, with quavering throat, who in soft lays
 Of moving *Veric* Loves mysteries displays;
 Or of *Salmis* streams a Song indites,
 Which turns her listeners to *Thermopides*.

Look! He next to nothing holds his
 So to supply the measure of his mind
 Which must by every sense be bound
 Of that light spirit, which in his heart
 And happy, from the body freed, shall rise
 In well and better than first state, and rise
 Which kind like him, and a new place
 Dark deep and dark, and in such, and in such
 Is, what a joy, and in such, and in such
 Which is my present, and in such, and in such
 As their arrangement, and in such, and in such
 Which is my present, and in such, and in such
 We both yet young, now, and in such, and in such
 You twenty years, and in such, and in such
 Not so much, and in such, and in such
 A time to love, that time we are full of
 Ah, why should youth his sweet senses content,
 And with too positive thoughts torment his Soul,
 Just when the fragrant bloom of Youth would grow
 But 'tis in vain, for youth's full will, and
 It will have all states: let the good, and the bad
 Who now of love have such eternal love
 Let them with light, and with, and with
 High things, who with a third leg added go
 As to like years, we as like mood, and in such
 Of Sex both fit in acts of love to joys
 So kindly Nature hath our senses wrought
 That whilst we're two, we're made thus one in thought
 Well then, cheer up, dull Soul, no longer now
 To spend thy days in grief thy self, and in such
 O do but see how all these joys do move
 To serve thee in the passion of love
 When aged fancies once thy fire shall please
 No more than these delights will Love allow

Of things unchangeable, we the children of men
 When age like youth to dalliance is inclin'd,
 Come then, to Hymn, to story of each thing,
 Let's fix an Offering our youths wisdom bring;
 Her Priests we sit, her Temple our hearts praise;
 My hand her Altar, and her fire our flame.
 Our days would pass in, when dalliance eys
 Suddenly takes us with a double pain;
 Pluck therefore flowers, my youth, ere Spring be past;
 Let's love this world, while death has scarcely past;
 Dost thou yet smile? Oh is it dangerous here
 Withholds thy hand? Behold, thy blossoming year
 With quickly past is flying Autumn here;
 And he who gets this fall, no more hath here.

JOSEPH.

NO reason, nor Religion 'tis, that I
 Should waste my youth in carnal merrery.
 Too soon, you judge it, that with youthful care
 I for my halting and should now prepare;
 But is there any one; no can you tell
 When death shall sing us our departing bell?
 None can the number of his days divine,
 Or when his Sun shall in his grave decline.
 Even now we say that Providence may be
 Halted, and thus we do our hearts deceive.
 Where to we wander, to what end we stray,
 To us, nor mercy which we Christ's let say;
 And yet you think the hours of our days
 To so much more latitude in the ways
 Of lust should be relax'd. O much to get
 Not unto power, and thus we are misled.

Should he who fairly must account produce
 Of his best life, be therefore more possess'd
 Of his most precious minutes, and exult
 In youthful vigour to obtrude delight?
 'Tis as unseizable, as tin fire,
 By many fire, we many plagues procure.
 I think how oft we crimson cheeks do view
 Suddenly change into draining blackish hue!
 How oft vermilion-lips have been surpris'd
 With hue more pale than base and sacrific'd
 By death's inevitable snare, as dwell
 With spirits just, or evermore in Hell?
 Alas, though as young as you, yet have we seen
 Such mourning looks, at evening who have been
 Wrapt in a winding-sheet; and oft at night,
 Eyes shut to sleep, that morn'g we view'd this sight
 We daily see, (nor is it now a wonder)
 When Sun at noon declining, going under,
 And that which we on others watch'd see,
 Tomorrow may happen either you or me.
 Alas you're as frail as, that quickly fades away!
 We as our last should therefore think each day,
 And strive, as that persuasion did inspire,
 By seeing things below it should expire.
 To God the harvest of the field we yield,
 And so the fruit-fruits of the tilled field;
 How should we dare then with our own infirm
 Of feeble age, his Majesty strive?
 To the field our youth we give, and bring
 To God a every thump for offering,
 Tremblers appear by age with pains and aches,
 These pale joys for death's approaches lack;
 What will he say? or how can we survive
 Our perfections should then arrive?

More wisely therefore let's our time redeem,
 Whilst youth remains, which God doth much esteem.
 The young that sink, him never fail to find,
 Not he to give them grace in their mind:
 But he in time who this neglects, soon
 When he shall knock, shall find his season gone.

SEPHYRA.

THis yet agrees not with our years: men say,
 Deep thoughts on death make hairs unseasonably grey.
 Farewel good days to him who brims port;
 To these dull hours therefore thus thy doer,
 Sorrow comes soon enough: why with such kind
 Of pond'ring should we then afflict our mind?
 He who on evils will before-hand stoop,
 When come, in him will but more grief impose.
 Yet let them mope that please: how ill it suits
 With thee, fair boy, however! fixing disputes
 'Twixt Chastity and such fair looks as these
 Are never wanting, till that giant incline
 To yield to the assaults which art layd
 In ambush for her, whereby she's betray'd.
 Behold, from lips the Coral which transmired,
 Soft moving words do flow, that love intend,
 And sue for a compliance: not can betrays
 More hard than Rocks deny their kind requests:
 And Pleasings threaten joy'd, on every side,
 Of every kind Ill Virtue doth beside,
 And conquer: Although never so silent,
 Even Virtue smother'd Charms of Love remove.
 But woe is me, in whom do I addresse
 All this discourse? 'tis my unhappiness

To spend my life upon a flower, a flower, a flower, a flower, a flower,
 Yet flowers have time to wither, but this shall not.
 Though nature made them thus, that they should die,
 And that where beauty is, there time is three,
 Yet can my words, though from a mortal mind,
 Be that no pity, no compassion will,
 How can it be that in this world should dwell
 Such cruel nature? O that heaven's quick
 Be not so blindly-minded & blind,
 Thy lovely air, be kindly, gentle,
 These slaves who in the forest battles bear
 No harm, and in world's dangers must appear,
 Or those who are transferr'd into the Ocean,
 Or who the plough do follow can't be more,
 Then possibly it might be better to be
 As much as their rough seas, but what else,
 These look'd on, for what do appear,
 As if they said it, Christen'd is here,
 By education, and by yet the day,
 At distance most becomes, and that they were
 With Malady with a Song, and on the stage
 Sprightly Dances, we already agree
 And fight with the Turkish Chief, who can the stage
 All these things be, yet we are still the same,
 As I to what I say, is being a fool,
 I have no fruit, nor yet we are as dead,
 As likewise was it, for though we are as dead,
 Must be thereby, but I think of what
 Greater good may yet be done, from whence
 Such who are dead, be dead, be dead, be dead,
 A fruit is purely joy, no good besides
 Within the borders of its view resides.
 By nothing else, though from the stalk we've wrested,
 In joy wreath'd by Virgin-hands inverted,

Or by a Lover to his female friend
 Never bestow'd, yet should in beauty end
 To soon, behold how that its thirsty leaves
 Exceeds for dew each morning, and grows
 Which when they meet no more cheeks, they fade,
 Nor leave o'th' stalk more than the wither'd blade.
 Why shouldst thou spare that youth which woe & war
 So of it felt? sure only a decay
 Works on it, and impairs its costly grace.
 This season therefore slip not, nor then waste
 Do I love thee? I cherish thee so close;
 Thy beauty 'tis that death that have made;
 Whoever such surprising looks behold,
 And was not more than to others compell'd;
 None durst view the Force's smiling power,
 Yet from a tall can their pulses thrum
 Not any thing'd with hunger, well-dress'd more
 Before them sit, yet can refuse to eat.
 Wine fill'd in glasses of a Crystal white,
 Is drunk with most refreshment and delight,
 These know it though words be not so true
 They're loath'd, if not in closely dress'd
 'Tis strange, yet true: by flower beauty gains
 Rough hearts to yield, nor ever by words complains
 Although with eyes, yet much more beauty
 And the obscener, by dark dark respects
 Nothing that from the lips of beauty flows,
 But like a dew, of birth celestial seems,
 And overtaken with ravishment the heart,
 Whence in just admittance, or exact part

JOSEPH.

How! that thou, Beauty, hast made a choice good,
 To make a girl where I had sworn to go;
 When surely shouldst thou, Beauty, have been
 The girl, that thou, Beauty, hadst chosen to be;
 Was this the girl, when Nature had her gift
 With those Divine proportions, beauty, and art,
 O no, the gift of our great God, who made
 By no means more than his own delight,
 Now was this girl's gift by him to thee,
 But by that which was his to me;
 His Majesty's perfection, his delight,
 His female grace, his love, his art,
 He loving her alone, Beauty, that art,
 No think that in that gift, Beauty, he
 He gives, he gives his gift by his art,
 Now can he give thee, Beauty, he can give,
 And her desire, Beauty, he can give,
 They both are given to thee, Beauty,
 This is the end of Beauty, Beauty,
 That shall afflict thee, Beauty, that shall
 And they, if thou, Beauty, wilt, Beauty,
 That Beauty will give thee, Beauty,
 The words of Beauty, Beauty, Beauty,
 It's though they be, Beauty, Beauty,
 And I am sure, Beauty, O Beauty,
 I might now say, Beauty, Beauty,
 Your so obedient heart, Beauty,
 Delivered by the words, Beauty,
 Yet there is more, Beauty, Beauty,
 Humbly advise and give you a request

Seek but your safety, whereas yours to me
 Moves towards that which will by mine be.
 Be thus advis'd (and thus to safety best)
 Let not beneath your eyes upon me set
 Look to your side, but when you look to view,
 Think that a creature he's no more to you
 'Tis not enough if he be in the land
 Laid in the shadow of your guilty hand
 And they who are belov'd by that hand,
 Bear before God a fearful hand
 Yet if the while my sight is in your face
 Your last shall be my last, and mine your grace
 Great would my love be, but I know
 This should stand in my way to my love
 Would certainly I could my loving eye
 I would reward with my own life
 Within these clanks my soul should be
 And in this manner thus to you
 Live no more of this world's life
 More left, but for me, what I should be
 But you that beauty seek, and love your eyes
 Live that glorious beauty, a life
 Will fire your soul, from the first sight you see
 Which first shall be in beauty, and in love
 And adoration, and that will give you grace,
 Which is your life, and you know in that grace
 How valuable is that beauty and
 In this world's life which is to end
 Take choice the well, and this which is your life
 Is form which very much doth delight
 No sooner shall your body be
 That suspicion which is in your eye
 No sooner are our souls to meet, but then
 Our beauty's gone, our glory's done

The Corps then to be sick, ransomed are,
 Which with that of your soul's misery here
 Unleth their false graves, where then they must
 Message their will propensities in the dust.
 Their soul be sold your lovely beauty
 Not long expect, and you may find
 Self-quenching water, which this flesh, which light
 Could not your soul's without thought's delight.
 Well, therefore pay this debt from your eyes,
 Not longer with the world's sick luxury wait,
 But rise them up your soul's things, which
 Which will be made and shown your love;
 For there is nothing in this lower place
 Which shall not be nothing different.
 But now, alas, your words are plain, they
 Not longer 'tis, but better you shall
 The neglect of for who can expect
 And yet 'tis this at which you look, dear, yet
 If possibly could by deep and brightness
 That Mother who has eyes in your
 And half be of your's desire, we
 As from internal passion there's such
 Product of what you can that golden light,
 Or huge amazement, or affect the light,
 All the deficiencies which you can have
 Though it's in itself, yet to look
 Have still at this you look. But then I say
 Too long: I to my charge must have away
 With leave I therefore go: it is not fit
 Damsy with more than long private shall.

SEPHYRA.

NO, then, shall I, nor stick to Siskin to herons
 They apprehend but the more sure
 My raging fancies: a fullboard for,
 When once broken forth, launch with the gales he.
 But let me know, I earnestly request,
 Whence is it that thy love is so possess'd (Overcome)
 With these so poisonous thoughts? what want'st thou
 Or trais'd up? must have been to be taught.
 Our Men, thou say'st, are waggish and in'd,
 Nor wanton M's do I our women find
 Who knows how things would go, if their desire
 Had all the liberty it would require?
 Thou only art excepted: thou alone
 Art more religious than civilizing Rome.
 In these affairs than their more famous
 Who love don't, though much thou art below'd.
 Bids me! what is it that withholds thy mind,
 And keeps distant in thee to women-kind,
 Nay to all joy? what want'st thou then here,
 That against pleasure makes thee so severe?
 Behold, my Palace, seated for delight,
 Within a Grove, where a smooth beck most bright
 Than shining Crystal gives a thousand ways,
 And in springing tracks it self displays,
 Frequently washing the beloved sides
 Of her delightful banks with living Tides:
 Where waves call waves, and glide along in ranks,
 And pebble to the water-edging banks:
 Upon whose murmuring, yet gentle falls,
 Melodious birds sing solemn Madrigals;

And where white Swans do clap their silver wing,
 And on the breast of my Muscovy Swine
 Nice in my gates doth any grief reside
 Mirth only, Babylon pleasures here abide
 In all variety, which accompany
 Enjoyment, and for continuance constant
 Here on the Lesbian Lute by skilful hand
 Soft strains are struck, which all the Soul command
 On the Chitarr, or Theorin Harp, which break
 Hearts made of flint, and turn their captives make
 Though of these Symplicious ones can cure
 Those rough desires which in the bosoms dwell
 In melancholly conceits whose delight
 Is rather plac'd, which humane souls delight
 My Tables daily games, as though each guest
 Would as a Angel demand all Fowl and Beast
 So Princely are they serv'd : There Rarities come
 In burnish'd Gold, and frolick Cups below
 Nay, of things which here I have likewise seen
 Of Fowl, or Venison, and the strange kind
 Only in these I certainly beguile
 Of my due share, for Jests is not wild
 And yet by Feasts, where Tables glaz'd are,
 Loves passions we find most active there
 The town'd with wine, and dainties over-fed
 With heightened lust go evermore to bed
 Ease grows them turning both, nor he less days
 Who doth enjoy, can choose but run her ways
 A belly fill'd with meats of various kind,
 Seeks where an exit the cravels may find
 Methinks that youth, whilst his fair Dames court,
 Their love who yet endeavours to support
 Or who in midst of mirth sits sily sad,
 Doth either dote, or else is plainly mad.

Indeed

Indeed thou art a tyrant, and from thee
 What doth proceed, the effect of fancies be.
 They robb'd thee first (if Fate hath not beguile)
 Of Brethrons love, and wrought thee thus cruel:
 Nor, if thy dreams thou leav'st not, wilt thou be
 Less hated in this Palace, both by me
 And by my Lord: by him, through my device;
 O therefore dream no more, if thou art wise.
 In one hour thou, which erst years since told,
 From shameful view old Noah did withhold,
 Wilt show'st to transient eyes, and shall in spite
 Raise in thy youthful members no delight?
 Why should not eke as others, work on thee?
 Canst thou life lasting them all mortals be,
 When tender Love hath her soft charms laid?
 Wherein hast thou then others more defect?
 Alas, what life's this I am forc'd to see
 Two contraries made up in thee?
 My Chamber with all lovely pomp is deck'd,
 Which eyes with wonder and with love affect:
 Egyptian needles there have sew'd what skill,
 And patience, and industry can fill.
 Solitely, that these things doubtless strike
 Betwixt the Goddess's shadow and the light.
 My bed thus with this down cover'd lies,
 Thence Egyptian Attendants are dispos'd
 With skill to tempting, that they should beguile
 In the most full, and with continual smile
 To those so pleasing pleasures, which they speak
 And in fair stories their intentions break.
 All sorts of Sovereign balms compounded are,
 That in their mixture they Concoct together
 More precious than the fragrant breath which moves
 The whispering leaves in the Fenchus Groves.

The Arabian wind, whose breathing gently blows
 Purple to th' Violet, blacken to the Rose,
 Did never yield an odour like to this,
 So greatly which that swelling sense doth please:
 No Myrrhe, no Cassia, nor most choice perfumes
 Of untouch'd Nard, or Asamatick gums
 Of hot Arabia doth touch the air
 With more delicious sweets, or sweeter rare.
 O come then, let us in the dewy place
 Tumble with boldness, and in chaste consume
 The hours in feats of love, pledging each other
 In mutual flames, and distant ponderings smother:
 Nor need we fear an absent Husband now,
 Whom we lively'd in Court-crowns do know,
 So deeply too, that he no thought behind
 Hath left at home of his so number'd mind.
 Well, for a close then, get thee without fear
 To th' door of my withdrawing chamber, where
 Thine softly knock, and then as oft he still
 Then knock again, the door shall do thy will.
 Be this thy warning, and forthwith advance
 With undisturbed mind. In dalliance
 We so some hours will spend. Most happy boy,
 Who without fight so freely might enjoy
 That bliss for which so many fight'd in vain,
 Nor any fruit could of their fight obtain.

JOSEPH.

BUt whilst your Chambers glory thus you raise,
 With far-fetch'd words, the subtle Merchants ways
 I find you use, who doth the bell expose
 Of his bad wares, nor will their faults disclose.

You

You golden pleasures offer unto me,
 But of a wounded mind can little be:
 Of momentary joys you glibly tell,
 But leave untouched the fiercer woes of Hell.
 Though therefore thus you Chamberling deliries praise,
 Within my breast yet this no lust can raise:
 For sweet though these delights are to your mind,
 Yet I therein much bitterness do find:
 On which when I reflect, from troubling then
 No stay I have: as with an iron pen
 I find it in my sin-provoked mind
 Deeply engraven. He who is wicked
 To act adulterous with his neighbour's wife,
 Sports with his body, soul, and future life.
 Behold, the evil Conscience, that great Book
 Wherein vile deeds as black as Hell do look,
 That memorable record, where is writ
 All ill men do, all goodnights they omit:
 If such mine be, a tempest in my mind,
 An ever-barking dog I there shall find:
 Nor shall my fears, my sorrows, my afflictions,
 My late-wish'd had I wist, remorseful feelings,
 From thence proceeding, ever have an end,
 But with those plaguey evils ever be content.
 Guilt makes us make where railing leaves us hear:
 When a light betwixt but moves the grass, we fear:
 Before the naked walls, our looks grow pale:
 Nor whilst the cause abides, can help avail.
 The Husbands fear both needs must overtake,
 Who vengeance claims for his rob'd honours sake:
 He will no bribe accept: no gold will blind
 Or lay the rage of his incensed mind:
 Pale jealousie, with ever-waking eyes,
 Will seek, when once alarmed, to surprise

Both

Both in the fiery hell, which when I shall
 One fate they both shall have, and still one fall.
 Now think if Father should once oblige
 Light of our punishment, my God! what pain
 What whips, or wounds, or cruel deaths should be
 Cruel enough for such a wretch as me?
 No more than words, but death would speak his mind
 Me on the slaughtering block to lay, he'd bind
 And there begin, when in a fatal time
 Began my so infamous mortal crime:
 He'd fire my Carcase then: that wretched, he
 Would throw to dogs, for them to feed on me.
 Nay, whatsoever plagues might be devis'd,
 Together should on me be curs'd.
 Not yet should this at all his rage abate,
 But unto more revenge, he'd seek each bone,
 And then, now last, together sily knit,
 As like a chain, where you are fast shall sit,
 A chain so fast'd, where days with pining breath
 You in the Nile shall dwell as chain'd in death,
 And where of life though I am dispos'd,
 Your gally Larks yet in my lap shall rest.
 Shall rest, said I? O no! What thing can give
 Repose to you, who but as grief shall live?
 Shall live? now can that be: what life is there,
 Where death is found, or ever-dying fear?
 This under skin which dath my face impale,
 Shall then the yours become a Harlots veil.
 Nay, startle not: for this is but the way
 Wherby your lips you to your Lovers may lay.
 This shall shall be your Cup, whence you shall drink,
 Which shall assist you on your joys to drink.
 These lips by you so cruelly deem'd to me,
 Shall your best Crown inherit, and border be.

My skin all day shall hang to intercept
 Your Limbs where you shall prisoner be kept;
 And on the next morn to the same shall help,
 As if it would you in its arms enfold.
 But when the perillous night her wings shall spread,
 And downwards in eyes of mortals lead
 When nothing's heard but now and then the howl
 Of fiend vile Caw, or whining of the Owl;
 And when the horned Moon by her pale light
 The most shall rail the horrors of the night;
 Then this same skin your limbs shall over-spread,
 As burying you alive among the dead.
 And why all this is done when you lie down,
 Remember but the things you now do down;
 No farther fratching you shall need to make,
 But for sufficient answer need may take.



O my good God! but what should I then do,
 Heav'n with plagues most dismal fur thee do?

Within

Within whose mind a Guilt load should dwell,
 How much more my guilt should press extream,
 Against I were taken in the fall,
 And forthwith in to deaths dominions packt,
 Carried away by a superiour hand:
 Think how my case then in Gods sight should stand:
 As on the holy Tree death fall, it hath a double use,
 And so death earth-borne man, when once he dyes long,
 As his dying fall he puts off hence,
 As he before Gods judgement must appear,
 As he doth unto his grave in down,
 As he shall rise to shew on high tomorrow,
 The day death stuns when all the world shall dye,
 Lying in flames, and Time it self shall dye,
 Then fere with skin, and skint with fere shall pay,
 And fere with fere confounded, keepe their share,
 Then the whole heape of these sinners things
 Shall all be hark, and run into their springs,
 Then the dread Trump shall shatter through the
 And wake dead mortals from their longest sleep,
 And when the dreadful Judge, in midle sits,
 Shall utter up fault before him to appeare,
 How wilt thou appeare, vile flesh, that ere
 Of God, who like the fower didst see and eye,
 When he shall on his great Tribunal sit,
 And judge the Tribulation thus doth minde,
 As thy past days is backe? when thy own breath
 Shall testify against thee, and intell
 Thy soul with blood spay, whilst thou dost stand
 A looke Conscience of Gods great Command?
 Then all thy works shall be discover'd to thee,
 How vile, how manifold, how black they be?
 And when thou shalt behold that all is known
 Whatever thou hast evill thought and done?

Wilt thou be then as now, so bold? no, fear
 Will make thy courage quickly disappear:
 Cold sweat, joints knocking, and hair bristling hair—
 Do plainly show no courage to be there.
 Fear is the pallid of the mind and soul,
 A Tempest which no cunning can controul:
 No helms, or blandishments, or Charms, in vain,
 By guilt besetted, ever can assuage:
 But after Tryal, then the Sentence dies
 Like thunder, at which voice the lower dyes
 (Not mortally) so horrible the noise,
 Depart thou awful: whither? a gulf
 (Far deeper than these in pang of death)
 Are fench by guilty hearts as in a marsh.
 When we depart from life, to death we come:
 And God once gone, then Devils take his room.
 Shut out from Heaven, we must go to Hell,
 There with ourselves and their effects to dwell.
 Ay me! who can describe that place of woe?
 But those that find it, by their feeling do.
 They firstly see, who dragg their *Hades* stands,
 Or *Seylla*, *Eriacus* with his hundred hands,
 Or flamm'd *Chimera's*, *Alapin*, full of rage,
 Or snaky *Gorgon*, *Gorgon* triple shape,
 Or those three *Furies*, daughters to old Night,
 Implacable, and having all delight,
 Who whilst before the flaming gates they sit,
 With wrathful Corns their snaky curls unite:
 Or *Dio* with his fierce *Demons*, or the Host
 Of scaly *Chevi* in *Corinth* flames that east:
 Or other fictions more: but I am sure
 There sorrows dwell which even more cruel:
 And an immortal God shall then lay on
 Plagues which both cannot, and yet must be born.

How plagues then like a God, whilst withered we
 Must bear them (though we cannot) eternally
 O thou Extremity, what great affliction
 Does thy affliction bring, how grievous
 Thy double thought creates another fall
 In midst of it, if not its worst estate
 But these things in your thoughts are dead, you say
 And I in your thoughts the simplest man
 Well, though I do see the divine beauty
 Of God in simple words, yet I am
 There as a stranger, yet I am not
 Although that this I have no greater name
 Nay, whatever for this world may show
 Yet in my heart I'll love it as my own
 And for it praise my God, y' know I do
 That in my ways his Spirit is with me
 When I sleep, sleep I am not, but I am
 And on their Couch their members tender do
 My sprightly Soul, that part of Heavenly life
 Nor sleeps nor slumbers, but remains clear
 In action, by strange visions of the night
 I in my soul perceive the God of light
 Whole Spirit then, whilst others slumber lie
 Graciously conversant with my inward mind
 Plainly shew-ing on my soul what shall
 And mighty Reckons, in better days befall
 Though from my fall six decades have happily
 Again by dreams yet I shall raised be
 And those this evil who have wrought me, shall
 With supplicants knee unto my mercy fall
 That seek with earnest tears, deep groans, and sin
 Their hate then past shall be forgot by me
 Nor shall I seek revenge, but they shall find
 To them I'll bear a loving brothers mind.

Beggar I had power, and should with costly wile,
 The witching wiles of Jesu's beguile;
 Alas, what help yet for me in that hour,
 When guilty thoughts should all my peace devour?
 Who knows not, though with care by sinners sought,
 Yet their own mind to peace cannot be brought?
 Thus lowly sighing, each vile heart
 So Condemnation must to's self impart.
 You may obstruct your deeds in groves below,
 Or in thick darkness them obscur'd - but know,
 Although the Conscience you may charm asleep,
 That yet you never shall long sleep.
 O no, your eyes to God, whose dearest sight
 Your eye-lids close, your thoughts with sleep
 Resembling yet your guilt, and unawares
 Your works perdition, which in oblivion lies.
 That there's a God, nor need you seek to find
 Turn but within, and find him in your mind:
 Examine there, and you will quickly know
 That he's above, and in your thoughts below.
 When heat of lust doth in the lustful mind
 Strait deep remorse furrows the mind's divide,
 Pleasure once over-blown, and youth decay'd
 Regret and Trembling doth the Soul invade.
 Who's pleas'd when he contemns his sweet joys spent
 With lasting woe, their purchase, which corrupt
 The Mind and Body with far greater pain,
 Than all those joys before did pleasure gain?
 For seeds of pleasure, we last ever find,
 Are cowardice and horror in the mind.
 Do, go, enjoy your swing, choose carnal things,
 These are those false delights with deadly things.
 The death of Souls, confusion of all grace,
 The worm that gnaws for next-eating space.

Well then, (O much desired) if true delight
 You yet desire, then heavenly fire delight
 To kindle, deny your eyes, especially from
 At Love, which doth in lust forbidden burn
 Alas! and what's that joy? youth (wily lies)
 To heavy age, and with it Pleasure dies:
 Our day-sun set, and little night come on,
 Our woes so come, and by our joys are gone:
 Still to do good, and overcome the heart,
 Doth overcome unto the Soul impart
 All comfort, and thereby grief compels to fly:
 'Tis the best pleasure, Pleasure to deny:
 O thou transcendent joy, eternal rest,
 How happy are those Souls by thee possess'd!
 No joy or pleasure like to that we seek,
 Whole fix'd abode is in a righteous mind.

SEPHYRA.

WELL then, I see that kindness is too weak
 Thy savage temper to subdue or break;
 Which force it cannot pay great cruel desire,
 That then on other motives I must build:
 I know that fleshly joys refuse to stir,
 Till in their sides they feel the galling spur.
 If thou art such, (and such thou seem'st to be)
 Expect the fruits then of my hate on thee:
 Once when a woman profan'd her good Name,
 Her Honour, Virtue, Chastity, her Fame,
 To him she loves, if her designs she miss,
 As one besides her self, stark mad she is:
 Big with strength, therein impatient grows,
 And frantically all hindrance overthrows.

Crossing her end: no shame may her affrage;
 Even friends she harden to her rage.
 The sweeter wife at first is found to be,
 The tarter, when discorporate, grows free.
 Of once slung crosses we find
 The strongest malice ever left behind.
 And these all menace thee, if so that you
 I kindly were thus so, thou wilt be true;
 Where know, thou shalt no longer thus deny,
 But in extremest Torments thou shalt dye.
 Our passions to calamities debate,
 Flying the mean, we over love or hate.
 Thou then who art, wifely'd unloose to show,
 Know, from this hour my hate on thee doth grow
 Fierce and implacable. Was I dearest,
 And what I can devise, I shall pursue
 To work thy woe: all mischief then on thee
 That falls, be assured, it comes from me.
 In deeds of black revenge we ever live,
 The womans faculties most pregnant be
 Than those of man: she is patricide desired;
 And wife out-does her in the most complicit.
 Well, what destroyed or perished'd can be
 Of fiercest plagues, shall all be hung on thee.
 Each act of thine, on woe thou shalt hate-feld,
 Shall kill thee, such confusions shall be made.
 Nor yet enough, things worse I'll do than these;
 This crime of mine (such art our passions)
 I'll turn on thee, and fifty this to be
 A truth affirm. Thou wouldst have sav'd'st me;
 This to effect, my thoughts now in me fly all mid;
 No holding helps, all my inventions fly;
 Where anger leads, I fly me there in co. out;
 Thou shalt my love obey, or rage endure.

Like a brave Soul, who when in prison pent,
 Then more than ever in desire is bent
 To enjoy full liberty. 'Tis false believ'd
 What by extremities have been achiev'd.
 This diet affords I must and will conclude,
 Though Earth, Sea, Fire, and Air should be mov'd
 To that full Chase: And although thou art
 So resolv'd against my raging suit,
 Yet I'll persist, and imitate the snake,
 Whose head if caught, a call-defence doth make:
 So if I find there is no other way,
 Thou thy denial with thy blood shalt pay:
 Accus'd I am with'd with staidst mind,
 In links in Chains, so fatal dole art join'd.
 Who ill contrives, he must protect himself,
 And for his cloak with nimble skill begin
 His false complaint: they who fast valiance gain,
 Though criminal, the just man right obtain.
 He who a villany hath undertook,
 Upon no lips with tender thoughts must look:
 A face of beasts must his defence become,
 Left ignominious shame should prove his doom.
 When potent might is join'd with mortal hate,
 What evil cannot these two powers create?
 Like Thunder-bolts, all lets they overthrow:
 And fear'st thou not what all my power can do?
 Think on thy case, my Husband will believe
 My words, and then of all thy fate beleave:
 Commit thee to a Goal as dark as night,
 Where neither Sun nor horned moon give light:
 There then a cruel hangman shall torment
 Thy flesh, and for thy mind fierce plagues invent:
 A hand shall then (that never knew respect)
 Disrobe thy body, nakedness descend:

And on the painful Wrack thy members bleed,
 Them by his art unsufferably wound,
 And sever joynt from joynt, from foot to hand,
 As men beate the ire the wax expand
 By a fierce wrack thy flesh thou shalt be prick't
 With pointed goads: he shall thy mind afflict,
 That frowns with'd rest deprive, and the long night
 Extract so all thy strength and youthful sp'rit.
 Yet more! then water one shall pour in thee,
 Which shall by stings again expell'd be,
 So that all tortures which can be devis'd,
 Together shall on thee be exercis'd.
 In that mean while if one should sadly ask,
 Why thus thou must perform this hateful task,
 Say then the truth: Because a beauty us'd
 Kindness, love offer'd, which yet I refus'd.
 Unheard-of folly! who will not deride
 This frenzy: for thereto will be apply'd
 Thy hateful deeds: O most of all unwise,
 Will all caitif, who pleasure didst despise!
 Justly doth sorrow now thy life devour,
 Who blis refusedst when within thy power.
 Thou'rt duely plagu'd, whom pleasure did invite
 To ease, yet who in dreams wast in more delight.
 Thy patience thus shall stand by employ,
 Though the sweet sin thou never didst enjoy.
 All shall thy innocency then accuse,
 And because guiltless, with all frowns abuse.
 One that's condemn'd for deserved crimes,
 Thinks for his sin this is of former times,
 And therefore bears his plagues with quiet heart:
 But guiltless to be plagu'd, is a heart's smart.
 Some ease it is in midst of all his grief,
 To recollect past joys: 'tis some relief

Pleasures as being so great enjoy'd of late,
But plagues unnumber'd are plagues too great.

When their long pains shall through thy vitals pass,
Then shalt thou yet at last all true confess
Which shall be layd against thee, though ev'ry done;
And then is thy good name and glory gone.

What signifies a good report, if we
As criminals shall executed be?

If with transgressours 'tis our lot to fall?
For th'end if bad, there's nothing good at all.

Be not beguil'd, the flesh is falsely frail;
Pain shall with thee (though just) so long prevail.

How many lunatics when come to dye,
Hath torment pain'd, hath pain constrain'd to lye?

But go soft-headed for a heavy chase
Faint sick dreams, which do thy mind abuse

For peaceful ease, swell grief: for pleasant pain,
Hate, for soft love: repining loss, for gain

Uneasie Prison, flesh-oppressing bands,
For soft embraces in loves clashing hands

The wracks fierce torments for my ease bed,
And with all plagues for pleasures to be led.

Thus weeping choose, instead of to rejoice,
But ah! betwixt them there's too great a choice

Far wiser 'tis thy *Self* to love:
Thy youth to cherish is a wit above

The quenching of its heat: why shouldst thou waste
That in thy breast, which is but names sake

So many men throughout their lives there be,
Who on pinch'd plants do plough the pathless sea

Hazarding Life and Soul for but small gain,
Whilst thou through love may'st mighty wealth obtain.

Shall I my bed perfume, well may'st thou guess
That I design besides all happiness.

Thy

They whole desire, that but by signs express, ¹¹⁷²
 Shall first be done unto thy heart's requests ¹¹⁷³
 Prefers this I'llan : he who can resist ¹¹⁷⁴
 How in our flames he may no heat survive, ¹¹⁷⁵
 His work is done : therefore the gentle party ¹¹⁷⁶
 Clings to her fluster, and doth him obey. ¹¹⁷⁷
 When once a wife doth strangers beds forsake, ¹¹⁷⁸
 The spare-box gets a crack, the purse a stain ¹¹⁷⁹
 Whole golden bowels then become possib ¹¹⁸⁰
 By him, who hath most value in her heart. ¹¹⁸¹
 What shall I add? he who hath given away ¹¹⁸²
 The key of all her treasure, by the way ¹¹⁸³
 Hath to her treasure open laid, besides ¹¹⁸⁴
 Shame in bed, in goods the same abides. ¹¹⁸⁵
 Had thou not heard, that Riches to obtain ¹¹⁸⁶
 Through smooth Adultery is so sweet a gain, ¹¹⁸⁷
 So pleasant a converse, lightsome task, ¹¹⁸⁸
 That youth could never for a chaster ask? ¹¹⁸⁹
 Well, I have done : surely this must world say, ¹¹⁹⁰
 As but a means from that my rage to lay : ¹¹⁹¹
 If yet thou wouldst but ease my inward pains, ¹¹⁹²
 For iron-shackles thou with golden chains ¹¹⁹³
 Shouldst housew'd be, not evermore molest ¹¹⁹⁴
 With flattery henceforth : but now jewell'd ¹¹⁹⁵
 With freedom : nay, forthwith for that I'd have ¹¹⁹⁶
 A place at Court, which I would rather crave ¹¹⁹⁷
 Of *Peuple*, or of the Prince : all know ¹¹⁹⁸
 How far with both of them my word can go. ¹¹⁹⁹
 But if thou seek'st wealth, freedom or renown, ¹²⁰⁰
 Grant my request, and they are all thy own. ¹²⁰¹

JOSEPH.

How! think you love may be by force uphold?
 O you're deceiv'd, no love will be compell'd,
 It moves of its own accord: Whom they love,
 Whose minds fix'd woe doth doth together join:
 To disguise shifts though fear a man may move,
 Yet no coercion can be laid on love:
 That free inclin'd, submits to no command,
 Nor doth of fear is still least moved stand.
 If good, your cause you should with grounds uphold:
 Short forcing: but now remember what of old
 is said: the maid through cry, may yet be won:
 but if the man refuse, the love's undone.
 And sure I am, few ever found success,
 Who love from any slight by force to press:
 Small recreation in their chase they find,
 Perwilling Hounds who force by stripes untold:
 By various plagues you threaten I shall dye,
 If your passions no asswage dye.
 With lyes you say you'll over-spread my name,
 And to my Lord detect my treacherous frame.
 Yet I'm unmov'd. Ay me! should I respect
 The precepts of proud dust, and so neglect
 The Orders of God! my giddy head
 And heart from reason then would be mis-led:
 Should I a mortal fear? a wife before
 My God with lowly bended knee adore?
 A woman so unconstant, whose frail time
 hath oft a period in its youthful prime?
 No, God forbid this folly: let me not
 My self lay on my name a worse blot,

Be foolishly offering to your crime,
 Than you can do for any space of time.
 Let come what will, let scorn and laughter mock;
 Let scandalizing tongues disgrace their flock
 Of hypocrites and false devotees;
 My mind and heart are set on other things.
 With obloquy, that right I should be thus, / to answer
 With malice even, with fiery eloquence be doing;
 Though flames her countenance, and hate her gait,
 Should call, I'd value none of these as all that's said;
 Who marks of truth hath in his soul discover'd,
 Doth with the words the state of days divide;
 A blameless mind is terrible and evermore;
 The highest rage of hate, which death will cure,
 This makes us feared and pass, which death will ease,
 When rage has done its worst, and we retire;
 Nor may the worst of thoughts be compar'd
 Unto the furthest joys for us prepar'd.
 Yea, let your bloody instruments with death
 And cruel plagues my tender flesh afflict
 Beyond its strength, this shall be my relief;
 My breast shall cheer me in the midst of grief,
 Though on the scaffold I should be laid to burn,
 Or with red Tongue should be affunder stung,
 Or drop with falling pick, while I am dying,
 Or broken on the painful wheel, or dying
 Through extreme tortures long continu'd, yet I
 To God with confidence would advance true eyes.
 He will, I know, the fear of these things,
 Or strengthen me in this extremest rage;
 That whilst my language in their malice royl,
 I in their looks in spite of them shall smile.
 If then 'tis ask'd, why suffer thus this youth?
 While I can speak I'll answer, Of a truth,

Because he might close this desired end,
 Then in foul pleasures all his days to spend.
 But when my heavenly deed shall come to light,
 (Not can such a long lay hid in secret night)
 Then so much craft I would but crafty craft,
 Where not at all my cunningd heart might have
 Rest, that this Epitaph might likewise be
 On that black Marble stone, which heaves me

*Hereward I see a face in a face, and a face full,
 I know he is not a face, and he is not a face*

A little heart there is, of love, which is
 Which placed down upon the ground, within
 A ring of rock, from whence it comes for
 Unless its Fate shall all denied be.
 There shall it stand, my death much rather than
 Than the last sight in person should stand.
 O if my Marble heart with this expert
 In this last effort, 'twere my third, expert
 Then there at least I shall die well obtain,
 Where such as you no more shall given again
 My persecuted heart, and this same thing, or rather shall
 Making my heart shall make my heart

*And I shall see you in my heart, and I shall see you in my heart
 That world is not yet, and I shall see you in my heart
 My days though long, I shall see you in my heart
 A world of world, and I shall see you in my heart
 Now they are done, and I shall see you in my heart
 Of world, and I shall see you in my heart*

*And I shall see you in my heart, and I shall see you in my heart
 And I shall see you in my heart, and I shall see you in my heart*

When in the world I liv'd with worldly men,
 Their wicked deeds they shew'd in fatal pen,
 If could either strike me, or grieve me then,
 Nor might I wipe their sinners off their skin,
 But now I'm there where wicked numbers cease,
 From troubling me, and where I rest in peace.

Because affliction set upon my house,
 And was my mate, how can I doubt my life?
 Nor Grief nor Fear could suffer, for how
 Men with might plague me was their deadly strife.
 But now their rage is done, no more I hear
 The fierce Oppressors voice far off or near.

How have I griev'd enough the restless souls
 Of fit, and more, which sinful deeds befall?
 How have I wept my sin which God perceiveth,
 So quarrel'd me till all my days were told.
 Now my sin'd house this grave which death removes,
 From all these eyes gives me a safe repose.

And while I thus enjoy, here yet will be
 Those that will bless my happy memory:
 In Sacred Mysteries disposed for this state,
 When in their hearts shall melody they make.
 Thus I shall ever live, though dead, when you
 In infancy shall live for ever too.
 Whose memory will but exalt my name,
 And infancy increase my greater fame.
 From which of your persuasions can I shrink?
 Fear all your deaths, since I can never dye?
 No, since my death will be a gain to me,
 And by your rage, from trouble set me free?

Well, I'm ready, I shall take my share of fate
 Than my chaste body with vile lust abuse
 Think not I shall relent, I'm fix'd I haue
 As much as you are to condemn the sex
 Alas! you're still deceiv'd, not pleas'd as yet
 Shalt thou torment them with such report
 If the afflicted see, 'twill grieve them
 Shall comfort lack in their extreme distress
 'Tis known, they who are pluck'd out for the world
 That while, as in the dismal words of Hell
 On God 'tis I depend: he'll make me tell
 Of his fierce life to death: methinks I feel
 Towards him with all joy, (though through the fury
 You threaten) with relation down
 O therefore think not I fear fear of you
 Shall God offend, and hurt with you please

SEPHYRA.

Now must I try, (though heavy for thy sake)
 Then than to bend dark rather choose to break
 As clear as day I find it now well true
 What fancy will in sturdy business do
 But what's this Spite, that that all things weigh
 That against every pleasure so invincible
 Surely a sickness in the crazy mind
 When that so melancholy is inclin'd
 The lunatick of Calves in the air
 So dement, and labour with hellish cure
 Searching, they know not what, to bring to pass
 So thou hast dream'd of things that never was
 'Tis fumes of brain which in a foggy state
 Of weakness cloud it, and do disparage

When east-winds pump the air, and skyes do smile,
 This to regard I think but waste the while.
 Shall I add more?

JOSEPH.

N—
 Not may you say, nor that I know
 Such things as these. O then, I pray
 That such appearances may never more
 You speak here by fire, for that I know
 To usury words that would bewitch
 This Spirit into darkness of the night
 But what in flesh and blood I see
 I do not marvel you can't see
 What in your thoughts you never did perceive.
 The Spiders web can reach no further
 Nor can the Spider fly to further
 Night-Owls and twilight-fans about the light,
 And Sol's bright rays but about the day with light.
 The Spirit in our Souls from God above
 It gives, as an eternal of his love.
 This is our comfort, our guide, our light,
 Our sanctuary in this fleeting night.
 Of grief, of rage, of darkness, and of pain,
 By this our wants in prayer we can gain.
 Without it we're unable, say we lay
 What 'tis we want, much less for healing pray.
 Herby our heart's ardently inflamed,
 And rais'd above the Mass to stand
 Above the flies, even to the sacred bread
 Of God, the Supreme Agent of our aid.
 His herby we are known, that is his Seal,
 Which in his own, and here doth ours reveal.

It clears the clouds of ignorance, & shows the way
 Up to our Father's house, & to the Father's love
 Begins all graces in us, & leads us on
 Within our hearts, which towards God doth move.
 Desires that which would give us life & joy
 And shields us from all hurtful influences
 The flowing honey-crown of life & joy
 Is not comparable to the cup
 This gives the flesh, in which we live
 It changes earthly pleasures into joys
 We need not fear the world, the flesh, or devils
 For we have in this cup the life of God

SEPHYRA

NO more I shall be as I was
 This Spirit and I must be one
 For all what I purchased with my blood
 This wine upon the altar shed
 I'm bent against this world, the flesh, & devils
 But come, I know you're ready to depart
 First, what's the flesh? O, that's the part
 A fleshly spirit, that's the part
 A fleshly spirit, that's the part
 Enough, henceforth I purpose to give
 For ever, I'll of our nature take the part.

Yes, That you have longings, longings, which
 What ever you have said, I shall the same,
 As from the flesh substantially it came.

Hence if I shall be there you would dwell
 On your own hangings, then you would dwell
 O, Now he that is the Spirit, that dwells
 With thee this is all we need
 What doubt'st thou this shall give thee life
 Should always with his Father dwell
 Peace

Peace is commended by all men, we see
 But where there's war, how can there quiet be
 Where hate vindictive dwells, discord's in sight,
 How can there grow the fruit of love's delight
 We are inclin'd to love, which grows most true
 Continually from us, but do we show
 Any thing of it, when with deadly rage,
 Our flesh and blood to treason we engage
 What contradiction and what madness too,
 Does thy Soul utter and persuade us to
 We must seek peace, and yet must battle maintain
 Both love our selves, and put our selves to pain
 Our happiness design, yet that destroy
 Such Medlers does thy little Soul employ.
 But in thy judgment none will join with thee,
 I think, that are not mad, or changelings be.
 All men condemn the trade, but some
 The lowest meanest, they've hand by each one,
 He prospers in the world who to the times
 Does suit himself, and yields to better crimes,
 A creditable name hereby he gains,
 And every where accels and love obtains,
 But the people, how odious are they
 Such humours best Foxes do display

JOSEPH.

OF pious peace indeed, much might be said,
 But still conspiracy with sin be made
 The peace enjoy'd? Can darkness dwell with light?
 Or peacefully the flesh with Cold unite?
 The living will not with the dead intwine,
 Nor love the foul with the diseas'd to join.

The firstful dayling will not be unkind;
 The flower of his affection should be spent
 Upon a kinsman's Canada, void of fruit,
 Whence crawling venoms to which youth do run.
 And yet who with his voice is so power,
 Whose example's counter to that death,
 Who will induce him to his brother's love,
 That of her honour would his wife depose?
 None fast will follow in his sister's track;
 Venous suppers peacefully with
 With him, you know, the Law is but content
 To be at peace, whose mind's no brother's heart;
 Chast women should at every fault be
 In fault with Lust; and his unkindness should
 Peace is prefer'd; but kinder thought, whose end
 To lasting rest within the mind doth end.
 The world the physic here; say you, his heart
 Those whom you call unkind, solidly debate
 With them by adverse Fortune's reasoning,
 Till they by tears their misery depose.
 But who are here their miserable you mean?
 And who then shall murder? the world's others
 They will not stand, which must be judged by
 By him, who these his Enemies will see
 From their impaired guilt, condemn them death.
 Who yielded to the Law should be a
 Perfection doth in nothing depend;
 For final ends, do themselves oft kindle
 Chast minds from hearing, and to them engage
 To fly from that which doth their death perage.
 For this give not repeated names to death;
 I will but the next discover your disease,
 More odious far than these vile terms you vent
 Against them, who to you are innocent.

Indeed

Indeed in this respect we should give way. But I will not
 When good persons are in such a way. But I will not
 Here the untractable do most hurt. But I will not
 And justice for the sake of justice. But I will not
 If to Gods word you put your eyes. But I will not
 We are agreed. But I will not
 But if justice you desire, you must. But I will not
 In that would be the only way. But I will not
 Like the good Apostle with a strict rebuke. But I will not
 From her beloved heart she is expelled. But I will not
 Or like the good Apostle with a strict rebuke. But I will not
 Gives to her father with which it is the same. But I will not
 The Gardener pruned his spreading Vine. But I will not
 Nor barren heart her husband's seed to grow. But I will not
 This is the thing, which is the same. But I will not
 That so the blessing of the Lord be first. But I will not
 The scolding woman is the same. But I will not
 Unto most loving hearts. But I will not
 And yet it is necessary. But I will not
 Proceeding that a candle is the same. But I will not
 Sharp crossing of the path. But I will not
 For dangerous. But I will not
 But when the path is the same. But I will not
 That's found. But I will not
 My words. But I will not
 Your self's the same. But I will not
 The Spirits be the same. But I will not
 Had you the will. But I will not

D. E.

SEPHYRA

How could it be that such a cruel fate should befall
 In midst of such a cruel fate, that should befall
 How miserable a fate should befall, that should befall
 A mourning against himself, and such a fate should befall
 Justly that Spirit should befall, that should befall
 So insupportable that should befall, that should befall
 That should befall, that should befall, that should befall
 Though such a fate should befall, that should befall
 The mightiest should befall, that should befall
 If in its bowels should befall, that should befall
 Cities not Families should befall, that should befall
 When deadly should befall, that should befall
 How should the heart within mans narrow breast
 Find place in such a cruel fate, that should befall
 All these forces should befall, that should befall
 Frays, quarrels, fights, which must admit no date
 For what is man, but gliding through a cruel fate
 A setting sun, a falling star, a cruel fate
 An empty jar, a wind, a cruel fate
 And what else shall we say, that should befall
 If with this Vell should befall, that should befall
 Needs must the hapless should befall, that should befall
 As like a Man, should befall, that should befall
 Gives way, should befall, that should befall
 Whence should man befall, that should befall
 Against himself, and should befall, that should befall
 Maintain within his Soul continual wars,
 So being with himself at such a part
 Married from women did, that should befall
 Whose Mother was claimed with that speed,

When

When wroking wounds and strife did her assault,
 Against that monstrous giant's hand;
 Not meet that he can we, her ill, choose
 To fall at wounds, such charms do they bestow
 What comes from Gaea is paid as flesh of Mien.
 Our lives both lost we cannot and desire,
 Or our desires. Whence his waters come
 Forsake, or cross the stream of the same
 We're of frail humanity, in last begun,
 Cradled as Cerberus, or Gaea's womb
 Born in the Womb, fed with the breasts white food,
 Rocked with soft slugs, to last, we're flesh and blood,
 How will this nothing be done with,
 Or with fables against the world's power,
 Whole cruel victory, done but passed
 His miserable mind to the end

JOSEPH.

Though you despise your loss in various death,
 Against it my desire yet I'll expose
 Though against me your sword you engage,
 Yet I'll oppose him with a juster page.
 Elicit he, who in this quarrel doth persist,
 With sin its cruel dictates to resist
 Happy that mind which exclaims doth fight
 With its own lusts, and contradicts their might
 There is a holy combat, a holy war,
 An upright training, a painful war
 Again, there is a peace, a rest, a joy,
 Which doth our souls of all its pains deliver
 'Tis not our loss that lusts a war maintain
 Within our souls, and put our flesh to pain

and W.

Our

Our sin no sin doth we perceive from sin,
 To feel sin evil doth from good begin; and so (Soul,
 Though this sense brings, and wounds you to the
 Yet it is true, our hate we must condemn;
 That evil which our certain death will prove,
 We by its death should fairly seek remove.
 Our most beloved hate, our dearest pleasure,
 Our carnal passions, all our earthly Treasures,
 We in our hearts must not refuse to dwell,
 Or else their force will overcome these walls;
 The most secret master of our mind,
 That whosoever our nature is inclin'd,
 Our frame, our constitution, we in chains
 Must bind, as Rebels, and assist with pains.
 For by the Fall so hapless men decid'd,
 That all was spoilt within his headless mind;
 And first so totally did sin deprave
 His Off-spring, that 'tis only sin they crave.
 Would it were with me as I'd with you be,
 Both from this world, and from my self I'd flee.
 Such tremendous Compensations do I find
 Remaining in my losses, and in my mind.
 Why long we thus this world and worldly things,
 Which no content, but false vexation bring?
 How is it that our Heaven-born Souls so prone
 Are unto Earth, and not to God alone!
 They that for Heaven longed, of Heaven must speak,
 Heaven-words must speak, and through Heavens gate
 And they by constant labour must undo
 The selfish malice of the Tempter too.
 But why thus heap I words, whose words are vain?
 Briefly, Heavens road not easy is, or plain.
 A thorny way, and through a thorny gate
 It is that leads unto that blissful state.

Our

When when they fast with bitter fasts revild
 They from the living to the dead call'd
 But when his blood for shall for raising gave
 His soul shall rise, and through him, ever live
 For by his sufferings as our debt he paid
 So shall the Father wash them quick be said
 Well, cheer up then, my soul, now new give way
 To thy corruption, on their love obey
 Though thou by nature wast in lust corrupt
 Yet from this fall thou art by grace up hurr'd
 God gives his spirit which with might shall drive
 Our lusts, and with him victory shall give
 Which sanctifies the feeble soul which
 That else would down to such temptation fall

SEPHYRA

NOW I shall leave my vain, deep sorrow
 Am I no more, all this while, my goal
 Still so unprov'd I, no strength of constraint
 Come, 'tis enough, this is the old complaint
 Bane is that mind that quiet peace disturbs
 To freedom that perfect enjoying curbs
 Withhold, thou art ill, afflict, deny, restrain
 Force, over-ride, suppress, consume with pain
 Death, may kill our sin, Give life, what's here
 Unheard-of Purgings by humane art
 Ah slave, how well the command of shame
 Befits thee, who delight'st in fleshly pain
 But thou art as free as two through my chain
 Fool, dost thou then believe us to be vain
 My blood now rises into fearful flame
 To see thee in such filthy state delight

At once thou subject of all Cares and Sins,
 Methinks I in thy looks now read thy fate
 Fantasticke day, that wilt delight in weare,
 Belov'd friend of Tears, full pleasures foe,
 'Rebellious-minded soldier still in peace;
 In peace as wilful, friend to civil wars.
 Thou perfect flughear to winning love,
 Who enemies against thy self dost powers
 Mankind's misfortune, in a hapless time
 Who sure wast born, and in a fatal clime:
 Thou neither must nor wilt, wilt'st thou as
 But unto what, thy stable prey import?
 Forsooth, a strange creature within thy mind
 There is of lagging miserie behind.
 Didst ever feel them, food? who told thee so?
 O grave Tradition, whether true or no,
 But thou shalt feel them now; thy self thou tell,
 If greater this, or thy constricted Hell.
 I'll now conclude, now think that I'll regard
 Compassion meet; let death be thy reward,
 Or happy life, as thou shalt yield, or chide;
 Yield to my passion, or that love refuse.
 Fool, thou'rt too full thy passion to deny
 To a fierce conflict, or thy flesh deny.
 Who with too right from his youth overcame,
 Provokes his mind to break with-bolding ayne.
 Jes. Since now you have been pleas'd with frisky galle,
 As for the flesh to argue still some while,
 I pray permit me then accordingly,
 That for the Spirit I may make reply.
 Seph. No, Jeseph, time will thus be spent in vain,
 What I have said, I now repeat again;
 To my request if thou no ear wilt give,
 Thou shalt repent that thou on earth didst live.

Disprove it well. Yet how can I believe
 That Joseph should himself of this bereave?
 Sure if I'm right, more wit doth in him dwell,
 And he'll be wiser when he considers well.
 Thus by these things thou may'st behold my heart,
 How thou must truly there beloved art.
 Accept my caution, Joseph, have a care,
 Embrace thy fortune, and of woe beware.
 That which by distressed Nickses of the Land
 Hath been purchased, now thou hast in thy hand.
 What crowns thee Joseph with doubtful fears,
 With dangers keep, with pain, with Lovers tears
 Obtained at length, and that by woeful hap,
 That of itself now troubles in thy lap,
 Does for thy favour, press with endless fears,
 Courts with thy Noe, and to be taught desires,
 Hangs on thy Neck, as other things up that done
 Through which our youth have sought to go before;
 That crows thy aid, towards thee is that wings,
 Offers itself, about thee gently clings,
 Not to become thy Wife, but Love's desires
 Not unto Wedlocks yoke, but lusts delights.
 Needs must thou be a stock devoid of pleasure,
 Empty of every amiable treasure,
 Say humane flesh and blood is so, must then
 Deserve exile from reasonable men.
 If thy new happiness thou wilt forsake,
 Nor wilt of these thy choice delights partake,
 Needs must thou be some stone, some supplest leaf,
 Toward as firm, or thus their banks more deep,
 Than Tops more whimsical, than heavy Ice
 More slipping cold, and more than flake unwise.
 But no, it cannot be, I shall prevail,
 No longer thus my grief in vain bewail.

Whom do not courteous smiles most sweetly ?
 What heart can stand before a winning eye ?
 What inclination is so strangely nice,
 Whom ruby lips should not so kisse entice ?
 With whom don't worth prevail, smooth face'd delight,
 Whom tempt not dauntless blis'd with appetite ?
 Who if to him I say, There 'tis I chuse,
 So kind a Love yet basely can refuse ?
 Who can those arms, wherein he's fairly clasp'd,
 (As like the Oak with chattering jay grasp'd)
 Break loose with unkind force ? Who can refuse
 A beauteous Female for his Love that flies ?
 Well I have done, what's said shall now suffice ;
 And sure enough is said to make thee wise.
 Lo, for a while thy sight I will suspend,
 But instantly to come again intend.
 Be no more fond ; thy self that while advise
 To take good warning, so beware, be wise.
 I leave thee thy own judge, thou from thy choice
 Thy self may'st sentence with weering voice.

JOSEPH alone.

DEAR Soul-waker, thou'rt become the game
 Against thy life is now this woman's aim,
 Swell'd with treachery. By her fierce looks appear,
 And wild behaviour, what thou hast to fear.
 She now her utmost valency assays,
 To fright thee from all chaste and pious ways ;
 To cool thy zeal, for which she doth produce
 What to her Cause may seeming strength increase.
 There sometimes vain she would with bait possesse
 Deny'd, her next step doth in things things dresse.

The whole with haste by sea, then with confusion
 Cruelly thrall'd: that who can but
 In such uncertain thoughts, and by such
 From stranger's ill perceptions, and wrong
 With what a show of reason does the death
 Her husband Cause? I can remember yet
 Does she in her unthought face appear
 We observe her with a carnal eye
 Now Piety is full of grief
 And Innocency of right disposition
 The way we walk most slippery is found
 There a fatal trip depends us on the ground
 Now am I buffed with uncertain things
 My heart, if cold, flies low: I see
 Above aspiring, flowers, more raised
 That bears than can from humane strength proceed
 His husband's Eye to me, her fruit commends
 And with fair signs my observation binds
 To gaze the while, while I in beauty view
 At his sure death, if I her end pursue
 And yet my flesh this danger will not see
 Though in the tale I know a death to be
 Our Father Adam for his wife believ'd
 Since his God, and his dear Soul believ'd
 All his bliss: As if by his thought
 Though perfect could not stand, how then shall we
 The Off-spring of his Fall, in wandering ways
 That are but contrary, rold in roll days
 The world's a Sea, our living Delires the Wind
 The Ship our Fleish, the swelling tides our minds
 Left, we drive, and when in straits we fall
 What do we then find? Anxious how to fill
 When mighty waves advance, then fill our minds
 O ye behold more tempests, better winds.

We will we still pursue, but not acquire;
 And what should quench our griefs, but feeds their fire;
 When my fierce thirst to cool I do intend,
 Enrag'd fires then to my upwards tend.
 My carnal gust in that great sweet does find,
 Which yet as Wormwood casts unto my mind,
 The vulgar tale if true, my case then forms
 Like theirs on bed big with nocturnal dreams,
 Who are with Night-mares, as with charms oppress'd,
 And then it seems a Book is on their breast:
 In which sad case, their spirits a cold sweat
 Possess, who labour from this load to get.
 They cry unheard, one sir, for fear yet shake,
 Till they again become as when awake.
 Or I am like one who through fumes betakes,
 And him t' a ship in lakes distress betakes,
 Where whilst for help his hands upheav'd be,
 Lo, by the Current he's compell'd to sea.
 Yet now methinks I'm like *Reuben* more,
 When the fierce *Ezer* and my Father bore,
 Where by two different natures of this pair,
 She was of tumults in her womb aware.
 Ay me, what strong contractions, what a fray
 Afflicts my mind! I feel the thing I say.
 But what's more strange? of one behold now two
 Mortally bent each other to subdue:
 This is the fruit of Soul-begalling sin,
 I fear not formal, but strong powers within;
 My before burns the jar, the field's my heart,
 Where two in battle each the other thwart.
 To hate sin ways, the Law instructs my mind,
 Yet in my members sin possess I find.
 I in the spirit upright paths would tread,
 But by the flesh in ways perverse am led.

How strange a thing 'twere to be expected of me
 My competitors in lowliness to seek, as yet I have not
 Half I am worthy of, but I am full of sin
 Deform'd and chaf'd, and full of wrong, full of
 What dost thou do, my Lord, that I should thus
 Go seek thy God, for thou thyself art God, and
 Thou art the Lord of all, and I am but a worm
 And so for thee I am a worm, and thou art God
 He is the Lord of all, and I am but a worm
 Thy Conquest: I am but a worm, and thou art God
 He is the Lord of all, and I am but a worm
 Thy safety, and thy Lord, and thou art God
 Only for this I will approach thee, O Lord
 Of mercy, and thou art God, and I am but a worm
 No sin so pardon me, O Lord, and thou art God
 Which makes me thus approach thee, O Lord
 Prayer is our Hamble, which thou art God
 That else we should be lost, O Lord, and thou art God
 Then I begin: Great God, be merciful to me
 Grant I may find thee, O Lord, and thou art God
 Give me, O Lord, thy grace, and thou art God
 Crown my weak heart, O Lord, and thou art God
 O let not thy grace, O Lord, and thou art God
 Whereby so oft thy grace, O Lord, and thou art God
 Prevail a jot, O Lord, and thou art God
 A Conscience which thou art God, and thou art God
 In my sin, O Lord, and thou art God
 Am come, O Lord, and thou art God
 Where, Lord, I find no standing for my feet, O Lord
 Thou wilt find help, O Lord, and thou art God
 Alas, how faint is man, O Lord, and thou art God
 Are but vile reeds, O Lord, and thou art God
 His highest Sanctuary is a wilderness, O Lord
 And even vile beyond his own living, O Lord

His mind's whole frame through his whole strength of soul,
 With evil times as with the storm did shake
 In this world's sin, with various blights they fell,
 And here, Lord, if thou wilt, as thou wilt,
 My feet in slippery places now abide,
 With my own hands I've found'd on every side,
 All hands they break, they're rebellion now,
 Lord, thy restraining grace, or I'm undone.
 And thy dwelling spirit give thou me,
 Ease thou my griefs, support my feeble knee,
 Defend thy child that trusts in thee from shame,
 Salvation give, and glorify thy Name.
 Didst thy Doctrine bid a gentle show
 Into my narrow breast, thou comfort bring,
 Drench with thy living streamer my thirsting mind,
 And of thy right-hand-plasures let me find
 That measure in my Soul, thou may'st still
 Thence joyful joy, as fountains and rills.
 In times of old thy goodness thou hast shown
 To me, when thou adoptest for thine own,
 O then thou canst defend, make me to fight
 Against my passions, which in sin delight.
 These are but strangers in my soul, and for
 That take their part, a stranger unto thee.
 On me O let them not gain any ground,
 But their attempts do thou with shame confound.
 I beg no worldly Power nor Wealth do crave,
 Or Regent Thrones, or Monuments would have
 Rais'd to my Name; nor pray I for great State,
 Which Fame or humane glory might create.
 This only thing I wish I might obtain,
 That of my heart a conquest I might gain
 At this sad hour. If I'm but safe within,
 All outward foes shall never make me sin.

Then chere thee, Soul, God bows to thy complaint
 A willing ear, His love his loves maintain
 Rejoycing me: In tears, methinks, my song
 I now can make: at weake I am strong.
 O my dear Soul, the riches of that grace
 Observe which fills thy heart: thy Saviours face
 Go meet, behold thy God doth now begin
 To knock at thy hearts door, haste, let him in
 What means pood lust to tempt my pure desire?
 I in my Soul possess a better fire,
 A holier Spirit, a most congruent power,
 Which liberally God in my breast doth flower.
 The new turn'd Mule, before it vnt obtaine
 Strong garnes cloths, as if opposit with paine
 In the fraile Yellie, wherein bridled long,
 The hands at last it bursts, and then too strong,
 The slaves asunder goes, thence with upstart,
 As with light feathers, in free air doth start.
 Thus with mans mind it is, now pood it lyes
 Dishearten'd, then encouraged doth rise,
 So exercis'd until the field it gains,
 And by Gods hapl firm victory obtains,
 Until immortal powers it can withstand,
 And as it's sell, to all the world command.
 Well, what remains? Shall this persuade my mind,
 Because my Lady is to me inclin'd?
 Shall her mad love constrain me with delight?
 Or not much rather from such love a flight?
 For, how desirable it is when wivers
 Do sell themselves to lead lascivious lives?
 When with unbridled lust the upright mind,
 Themselves they tempt to deeds of brutish kind?
 Those Moothers with their eloquence import,
 Prompted by lust, even men themselves assault

Assault

Assault the chaste, and that from them request,
 Which (though desir'd) should never be expect.
 Ay me, how have these things afflicted me!
 From this vile woman I could ne'r be free:
 For when my Lord still absent was from home,
 I could not go where she'd not likewise come.
 Where then in lustful Rhetorick she desires
 Her lawless love, or that by signs expresses,
 Such as her eyes can yield, or breath expos'd,
 When to Adultery she is most dispos'd.
 O with what art she feeds my tender mind,
 Whether or no it be as hers inclin'd!
 Sometimes my hand she kisses, then she woos
 With fervent looks, now know I what she does.
 But who can love, nay, who will not desire
 That fast fast vile, and then by them expect
 Who should be woo'd, and in whose breasts should dwell,
 That modest grace which doth in them excel.
 'Tis monstrous if it does not, since we see
 Of this by nature they possessors be.
 And since a wane horror doth in the vile
 Constrain their love affrighted to recall.
 The most lascivious of their lust yet gain
 Do make, and gild and hourly gifts obtain.
 But me this woman gives no rest at all,
 Her body persecutes, and gives mortal.
 The prodigalst wretch with lustful eyes
 Although he burns in his desires'd desires,
 Will yet pull in his shame as such a time
 When lustful wives do cheat him to their crime.
 Ah in my heart she's not I then horror feel,
 With her, who her Lords bed desires, to deal
 To have to do with her, who would constrain
 Me to submission to her lustful pain!

Sure modesty is wondrous chieftest grace,
 A lowly eye, an humble, hidden face,
 Even then that blushes with a conscious soul,
 When, though of Marriage, ought to be in full control,
 Nor do I think is any man more vile,
 Than he who doth the diaphanous veil
 So he his Neighbour's Heritage deprives,
 And strews unknown upon his building leaves.
 O thou luxurious feld, shall now thy frame
 Deprive my Soul of its most precious frame,
 Of all its pasteur care, and sacred art,
 O no, thy valency is, is superfluous,
 Thy fire extinct, thy chains broke off, and broke,
 Thy embers are now ashes, fumes but smoke,
 Thy itch is cool'd, nor hath thou power more to
 I'm now another creature than before.
 O haire of Heaven rest, the Souls desire,
 Friend to luxurious pleasures, to base ease,
 To gormandizing lust, to deeds of night,
 To all excesses of sensual delight,
 On me why thy's thou with thy big discourse
 I am above thy succours or force,
 In spirit of thee benighted, thou shalt stand
 Devoted unto my most sacred command,
 For vain shall be thy charms, and vain thy love,
 Chafe either, thou art both that have the word,
 To God I have my Soul in prayer deduced,
 Since which I find my good for more school
 In holy ways, and now a constant
 I with my self have made no more to grant
 The least complaisance unto lecherous sin,
 However factiously the flesh may
 First with my eyes this bargain I have made,
 That my heart by them should not be betrayed.

Nor

Now that they should a cruel shame receive
 Upon a woman in a halid way,
 My curious ear I have severely stung,
 No more attentively to be going,
 To foul invading wounds, and to my hands,
 To keep fresh victims I have brought thousands,
 Then in my Soul this charge I have laid,
 Never by any means to be let,
 To lust in my desires bounds I have set,
 Lest they should fall preys to his passions yet,
 My rolling tongue I've stretched to make heed,
 That from it no licentious words proceed,
 And lastly, I watch'd to wait, to keep,
 My thoughts both waking and in dream asleep. **I**
 Well, now I see Amata's eye, where with I know
 All opportunities I shall improve,
 My Helm is Gods assistance, Faith my shield,
 My Sword's his Word, and I shall break the field,
 Though now my Lady's company's still desired,
 Of more encroaching of smooth Eloquence,
 Than the most subtle tongue of Whores yet knew,
 My yielding yet should not for this cease,
 Although the new wine hath, and so to try,
 My mind, or cheek have time should raise a cry,
 I would despite as well have won, as fight,
 And stand unwearied, yet raise a speedy flight,
 Although her, curious looks the now should show,
 Fair as the morning, when a new day dawns,
 Her Ivory beaute though she should open lay,
 And all her nakedness to me display,
 Though richest persons for the did offer me,
 Where with the custom was beguiled he,
 I'd all allured despite, and be aware
 From falling by them in her snare.

If at my feet she fell, I would not fear;
 But soon if I could overpower her,
 I'd trample on her body, then with flight
 Make my escape, and get me out of sight.
 Or with her arms if she to force me thrust,
 Should hold my drink, I'd leave it in her hand;
 Then if she should eye'd a dam'rous eye,
 If needs I must, then out of doors I'd fly.

SETHYRA.

LO here I come again, now I shall see:
 Whether thou art of woe or health that be
 Spring from blamable acts, now know shall I
 Whether or no thou from thy bliss wilt fly.
 Come then celestial Soul, dearest reason,
 My heart's desire, my joy, my glories crown,
 My whole repose, my comfort, only still,
 My love and pleasure wherein I am blest.
 Wisdom's residence, whose best things adorn,
 Breath of my sighs, and my false heart's support,
 My flame's original, my lightsome key,
 Long who art woe'd, yet can't restrain and let
 I warn thee by the favours thou hast had,
 From me, by my loving tears, by thy great need,
 Yet humble still, by my tendering heart,
 By thy soft nature, by my wounded heart,
 By thy large gifts, by a distressed's prayer,
 By my desires, by thy suspending air,
 By my afflictions, thy pious trials,
 Vouchsafe compassion on my tender youth,
 Pity these checks from whence these blots are shed,
 On which a flowing stream of tears are shed.

And this sad mind replest with heavy cares,
 That breath that curls like smoke and awful fears,
 Fly I pray thee, my blood-drinking grooms,
 My low estate, my brain-confounding dreams,
 And some refreshment to a Lover give.
 Without thy favour that no soul can live.
 Help my distress, I can no longer be
 Delay'd : my grave extends its jaws for me,
 My feet draw near to death : at last relent,
 Set free my captive Soul with favour spent.
 Thou free my woe from my quick-dying tears,
 From blubber'd cheeks, from looks all pale with fears,
 And thou may'st see my wounded heart now past
 But can't show for itself, yet no pity grant ?
 O Boy, can't thou despise the conquering charms
 Of my fair body, of my naked arms ?
 Can't thou refrain to mitigate my pain ?
 But woe is me, my sighs are all in vain.
 I see I cannot thy heart's wishes please.
 As like a rock amidst craggy Seas,
 Unmov'd thou art. O unfeeling stone,
 I'm whether mild or fierce, to thee all one.
 But if't be so, I by Oaths swear,
 By the great God whom we a God adore,
 Nay by the God, the awful Crucifix,
 And by the seven Streams of sacred Nile ;
 By Isis, Serapis, and what else most
 In Egypt we as powerful Gods adore :
 I swear by my own Soul, by Egypt's Head,
 Or thou art this day mine, or with the dead.
 Upon this day depends our end of strife,
 Or of my loss, or thy beloved life :
 How'er with me it goes, or I must show
 This day in pleasures, or in torturing woe.

Observe my words, without all doubt on this
 I'll be reveng'd, or brand this lack in me.
 But wherfore now I? *Joseph* can't deny,
 No, 'tis my guilt he doth say I would try.
 He till the last continues his young desire,
 Wood that's yet green, will not at last take fire.
 But when that wood doth once receive the flame,
 No piece so burneth with that kind flame.
 Well, is it this, my dear, thou dost conceive?
 Must first my passions to earth drive?
 O dally then no more, that nature's come,
 Which will devour, before it ends, my doom.
 Thou therefore the necessary school,
 Which in it so teach danger doth unfold,
 This is the utmost peak, the last ascent,
 Which must conclude this so important day.
 Although a Moxley Spring from woods you wend,
 Fed with the Mills of Lycoris or Bear,
 Although a Snake from craggy Clefts you draw,
 Yet sure my sighs would dry these natural tears.
 Then come, for now my brother's death day.
Joseph Hold, think it not, *Soph* You must, *Joseph* I'll rather dye.
Soph Now *Joseph*, *Joseph* shall I say, *Joseph* No, might I? *Joseph* Still
Soph Pristher embrace me, *Joseph* Who I? *Joseph* Will—
Soph And yet this shall not go, *Joseph* How shall I say?
Soph Here thou shalt tarry, I have more to say.
Joseph No Madam, 'tis enough, and all is said.
Soph But friend, I hold thee, I'll thy flight restrain.
Joseph De'st thou? *Soph* Come here, *Joseph* My much train.
Soph Come here, I say, *Joseph* No, *Soph* But I'll make thee
 Thou shalt and love not too, as I have done.
Joseph Since it must be, then take my cloak, I'm gone
 To make my self cheap. *Soph* This thou shalt not.
Joseph *Soph*, *Thou*, *Go*, all's past.

The wretch, Ye might view : my name's the sign,
 I have endured insupportable pain.
 Jof. Good God, what impudence! how wilt thou end?
 Jeph. Hark, hark, your Lady from a Prison desired
 A tray's new villain, brought from Hebrews' City,
 Upon me thus, my body to desire.
 His violence ah quickly, quickly came;
 The slave is full of lust, and void of shame.

JOSEPH.

ME, what accident frinds? Hark, hark, I hear
 Pursuing fast through all the house that bear
 Sure death. Ah woe is me, what paine cries
 Now shall this woman cloak her guilt with lies,
 And make a false complaint, ere to accuse
 Of that which she against my sister did use.
 The Cloak I left her, when from her I broke,
 Shall for her grand no small advantage make.
 My God, what help? what safety then have I?
 Alas! I know not which way I shall fly.
 The changes of these lower things, behold,
 They but what's fickle and empty wind unfold,
 As like a Bubble now appearing fair,
 Which in a trice dissolves in humid air.
 Earth's greatest dignities and chiefest good
 Are like the flowing and the ebbing flood.
 In splendid honour I this day did dwell,
 And now from thence am banish'd by low as Hell.
 Though guiltless now a shameful fall I bear,
 Unstrain what must be my future care.
 Ah me, on what, on what shall I resolve?
 How in my breast shall I my case resolve?

Shall I with false submission, like a slave,
 Her guilt my guilt confess, and pardon crave?
 Sure no, if I still now have lust deny'd,
 In that good mind I'll to the end abide.
 How then? Shall I unto the Court repair,
 And there unto my Lord the truth declare?
 O yes, that house with happy peace that's blest,
 May not be giv'd for my desired rest.
 Well, but what then? Shall I my self betake
 Within, and there to each relation make
 Of all that's pass'd? Now that, 'tis not done well,
 The crimes of Ladies to their slaves to tell.
 What then? Shall I the Country fly with speed?
 As guilty, fly? that were a shameful deed.
 'Tis better patiently the world to bear,
 For byers ever guilty we declare.
 Besides, when slaves perfume to run away,
 For that they with their backs or necks must pay.
 What then shall I conclude? high time 'tis now:
 Resolve thus this, my Soul, not hence to go.
 Then be it so: I'll wait here what may be
 By Gods Decree selected out for me.
 To him I pray'd, through him my fight renew'd,
 With him stood firm, and by him lust subdu'd.
 From him the rest I'll wait, and laugh at shame.
 What should he fast, that trusts upon his Name?
 Now I return to give due thanks to thee,
 Great God, that from my self hast rescu'd me.
 Although vain beauty did assault my eyes,
 Thou help'dst me in weakness to despise.
 My feet from shameful fall preserv'd thou hast:
 My Soul from ruin when with lust oppress'd.
 Be thine the praise: I'll in thy Name delight,
 So well who hast instructed me to fight

[107]

In thy dear cause. Towards thee I aspire
With longing Soul, thou end of my desire.
Henceforward my devotion I will bend
To thy auspicious rays, my days no more
Shall pass in vain, as those that are
When thou shalt bid me by thy Spirit rise
To conquer all the powers of sin
Of this Religion's self Confess.

I

The

[161]

The Concluding

DAYRY-EMBLEM

Discovering the Mystery and Nature
of this Religious Self-Conflict.



THis Chum behold without and inwardly,
As with thy bodies, so the Spirits eye:
And thus whilst thou reflectst on this thing,
Instructing matter it to thee shall bring.
Without 'tis still, within is uproar loud,
Like hollow drums, exciting battle proud,
When now two Armies in a Champain large,
Each others force prepared stand to charge.

The ruddy death is come, two differing things,
 Each other sharing with unkind things,
 Within the Vessel. The trisped steers
 Rows in the sea amongst the shakers Ceram
 Upon the sea side, where shall each would brother
 One can give appearance, and then the other
 The Ceram's new under, then the ruthless Whay,
 Fighting in death, while the victorious day
 At length shall be, still after unkind fight,
 The well-wrought Ceram death by degrees under
 And now of has become like tried gold,
 As in prevailing hands the Paladins hold,
 But though it seems above, it shall abide
 The shakings of the Whay on every side,
 Until a higher hand doth down convey
 That whereof it is born, it shoves away.
 Then in pure water thoroughly cleanse it,
 Preserves with salt, and into vessels fit
 Includes, and lolly crows. When this regard
 Who overman in shall obtain reward.

He who this defined 'twixt the Ceram and Whay,
 With point now defines to convey
 By an approved Linbeck let him bring
 A noble marine from this willing thing.
 The Vessel here is Mars, therein the Beryl
 Presents the W's 'twixt daughter both good and evil.
 The Ceram's the Spirit, Whay doth Lust tempt,
 With restless spirit each other their offend.
 Awake, dull sense, learn what's within thy heart:
 The Spirit's not done, nor th'last part:
 Their powers are mixed, as twigs grow
 Both in thee are as interwoven in one.
 Much like the glimmering Dawn, that goes before
 The ruddy day, which doth more stars revere,

Discov'ring neither Day nor Night, nor yet Light,
 Not Day, not Night does, but Day and Night, as that
 Or like reluctant White with Night half; 'Tis cold
 Nor white nor black, but gray, betwixt the two;
 As like cold fountains, which when to hissing thawed,
 Is neither hot nor cold, but lukewarm grown.
 Well, he, that was happy, is gone to blow;
 Each his All brings his Op'ness to supply;
 Fill'd with fix'd hate. The Flesh unbridl'd draws
 Incoercible youth, lust, enslaving Law,
 Sports void of bounds, and Deeds of gally Night,
 As Drunkenness and all obscene delights,
 Base worldly pleasures, Envy, and what's worse,
 Lyes, treachery, Fraud, and filthy strong discourse.
 The Spirit calmly comes, begirt with Powers,
 With Gods pure word, with words that feed the soul,
 With patience, Humility, true Love,
 Hope, conqu'ring Faith, and ab'undance o'th' dove.
 The Combat's hot, when we may safely say,
 It seems that Flesh and Spirit now display
 The effort of fierce combat, as if so
 They the Souls power would straightway overthrow;
 Until at last the struggling Spirit's found,
 Though after many dangers, many a wound,
 Far more divinely beautiful and bright,
 And more puissant than before the fight.
 Yet not without all blemish: Once the mind
 That yet possesses which no lusts are hind,
 Whence as light, sent though it keeps the field,
 'Tis oft compell'd to suffer loss to yield
 Until the Lord his hand doth down convey,
 And him from Earth by Death doth take away,
 Transferring into a Throne, purges soul dross,
 And glorifies, whereby he gains by loss.

Thrice happy he, (this firmly let's believe)
 This Good who through Gods Spirit doth receive
 Thrice blessed is that Soul, who in this light
 This bright new candle, kindles this light.
 Immortal peace, a Crown of glory
 Prepared is for such a Spill reward
 Yet of pure mercy our hell waters are for
 What we enjoy doth from his grace begin
 For his Sons sake: the Lamb for us once slain,
 Provides, that only they that Will shall gain,
 In whom the work of grace is found begun,
 And to whom God atonement through the Son.

O Father Power, our God in Person Three,
 Bless who are in thy self alone things that be:
 Whom all things live, with strength my mind possess
 What Devil, World and Flesh my Soul oppress
 Against these fo' all with me contend
 That I may reach that glory in the end,
 Which for thy Saints in Heaven thou dost keep,
 Till in dark Graves their Fossils and Grasse shall sleep.

I have done this I have done this
 I have done this I have done this

Certain godly Divides have epitomiz'd
the Nature of the various inclinatio-
ons of Man towards Good and Evil
in this following Table, which I
thought good here to insert.

The INCLINATIONS	1. Of the Carnal man,	{ Evil. I do evil, and will not do it. Good. I do not do good, and I will not do it.
	2. Of the Repre- sented man,	{ Evil. The evil I would not do, that do I do. Good. The good I would do, that do I not.
	3. Of the Glorifi- ed man,	{ Evil. I do not evil, and I will not do it. Good. I do good, and I will do it.

FINIS.

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